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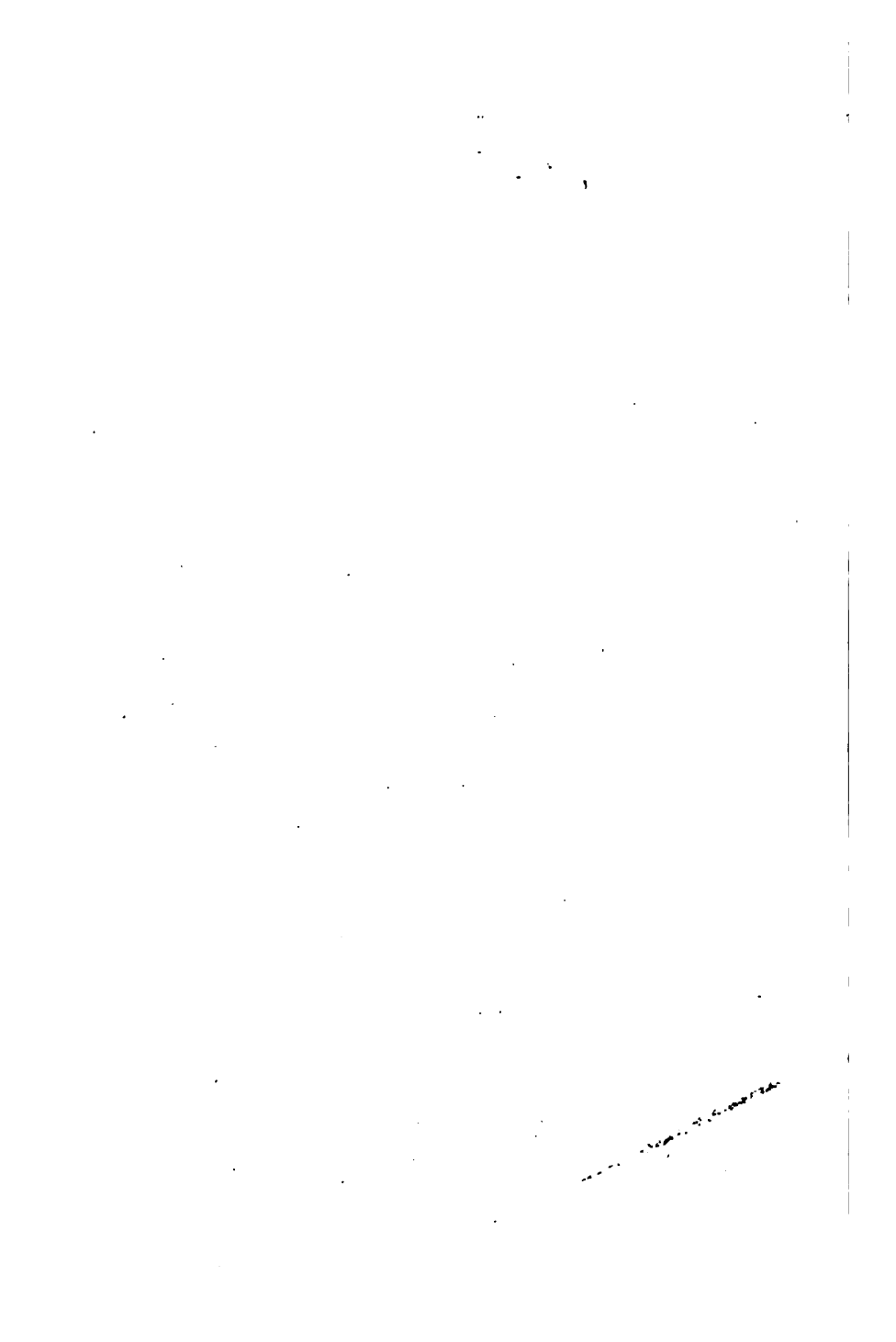
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THE PROCEEDINGS
AT
THE INSTALLATION
OF
THE RIGHT HON.
THE EARL OF DERBY,
CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,
WITH
THE CONGRATULATORY ODES

Recited in the Theatre June 7th and 9th, 1853.



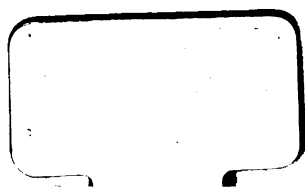
OXFORD :
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. VINCENT.
AND WHITTAKER AND CO., LONDON.
1853.



Rich.^d Inglesman.

Oct 11

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THE INSTALLATION
OF
THE CHANCELLOR.

Early in the morning of Tuesday, (the day appointed for the Installation of the Chancellor,) there were evident signs of the important proceedings of the day. At eight o'clock there was a Convocation at which the following were admitted to their *ad eundem* Degrees in this University :—

Thomas Burnett, Christ's College, Cambridge, D.D.
Edwin Guest, Master of Caius College, Cambridge, D.C.L.
Charles Bickmore, Trinity College, Dublin, M.A.
John Meridyth, Trinity College, Dublin, M.A.
Francis Merewether, St. John's College, Cambridge, M.A.
Charles John Myers, Trinity College, Cambridge, M.A.
Charles Bigsby, Trinity College, Cambridge, M.A.
Daniel Winham, Christ's College, Cambridge, M.A.
John A. Bolster, Trinity College, Dublin, M.A.
Frederic Hogan, Trinity College, Dublin, M.A.
John Hanson Sperling, Trinity College, Cambridge, M.A.
Thomas Leveson Lane, St. John's Coll., Cambridge, M.A.
Edmond Robert Turner, Caius College, Cambridge, M.A.
William White La Barte, Trinity College, Dublin, M.A.
Clement Mansfield Ingleby, Trinity Coll., Cambridge, M.A.

The early railway trains brought a great accession of visitors, and vehicles of all descriptions kept pouring into the city until the hour of half-past nine o'clock, when the Sheldonian Theatre was opened for the reception of the favoured ones who had succeeded in obtaining tickets of admission.

The Theatre was nearly full by ten o'clock, and presented a very animated scene. The lower galleries were filled as usual with a perfect galaxy of beauty and fashion; the upper gallery was crowded, as is customary, with the Undergraduates; and the area was literally crammed with a mixed crowd of graduates and strangers, who appeared to suffer most severely from the heat and pressure; and long before the proceedings commenced several had to be removed in a fainting state. The ladies, as is always the case, were the great embellishment of this remarkable festival.

Scarcely was the Undergraduates' gallery filled, before the "cries," accompanied by the various demonstrations of feeling and sentiment which characterize the Commemoration proceedings, began to be vociferated. The first cry of all was "the Queen," which was received in a manner forcibly testifying to the loyalty of the assemblage. Scarcely had the enthusiasm, elicited by the first shout for the Queen, subsided when it was again ejaculated, and again it called forth a burst of loyal enthusiasm. "Prince Albert" was then called out, which also elicited enthusiastic cheers. This was immediately followed by the cry of "the Chancellor," which called forth a display of cordial greeting, such as has seldom resounded within the walls of the Theatre. The cry of "the Vice-Chancellor" also produced loud cheering. This was followed by "the Members for the University" which likewise called forth very rapturous applause. The next cry that caught our ear was that of "Disraeli and Protection," which was at first received rather equivocally, but eventually met with a more favourable reception. We may here mention that the

name of Mr. Disraeli was called out over and over again, sometimes alone and at others in conjunction with party expletives, and it invariably elicited most unequivocal marks of cordial approbation. Three cheers were then vociferously given for "Mr. Gladstone." The name of this right hon. gentleman was subsequently called repeatedly, and upon the whole was favourably received. On one occasion we thought it was intended to place the names of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli in opposition to each other, and the friends of the respective parties were, of course, engaged in smart and amusing contest. If we might give an opinion as to the preponderance of enthusiasm we certainly think that it was decidedly in favour of Mr. Disraeli. The name of "Lord John Russell" excited groans and hisses, mingled with partial cheering. The word "coalition" was considerably hooted; "the Aberdeen Ministry" certainly did not meet with a favourable reception, though it was partially cheered. "The University Commission" was received with cheers mingled with hisses, the latter preponderating. "The late Ministry" was cheered, but not very enthusiastically. The name of "Lord Stanley" was the signal for an expression of universal approbation. "The Countess of Derby" called forth a rapturous burst of applause, which was renewed with even greater enthusiasm upon the name of her Ladyship's daughter, Lady Emma Stanley, being mentioned. The cry of "Protection" was received with considerable cheering, which was immediately drowned, however, by counter-cheers upon "Free-trade" being called out on the opposite side of the gallery. The "Manchester School" provoked a

most decided aversion, which was considerably aggravated by the call of "Mr. Cobden." The cry of "Lord John Russell and the Coalition" met with decided marks of displeasure, and the mention of "The Jew Bill" only served to increase the commotion.

The attention of the Undergraduates was now directed to more graceful objects. The ladies in the lower gallery, who presented a most brilliant circle, became the centre of attraction. The cries of "the young ladies," "the ladies in pink," "the ladies in blue," "the ladies in white bonnets," "the ladies in their teens," "all the ladies," "the ladies who are engaged," "the ladies who are not engaged," and "the ladies who were at the ball," were severally made, and all elicited most rapturous cheering. The cry of "the old maids" was, with great ill-nature, hissed, but this was atoned for by reactionary cheers. "The Bloomers," provoked considerable laughter and hissing. The name of "Mrs. Beecher Stowe" was received with some respect.

Attention was now returned to political subjects, and the name of "Louis Napoleon" was loudly hissed, but the call of "the Empress of France," met with a somewhat better reception. The cry of "Charles Dickens" met with unanimous approbation, as did the name of "Mr. Macaulay," and that of "Sir Archibald Alison" was received with well-merited applause. A miscellaneous collection of cries followed, including "the Bishop of Oxford," "the Bishop of Exeter," "the Bishops," "the Dublin Exhibition," "Mr. Dudley Perceval," and "the sufferers in the area," which were all extremely well received. During these cries the entrance of the Countess of Derby and the Lady Emma Stanley, to

the Ladies' gallery was observed, when the whole company stood up, whilst most enthusiastic waving of caps and handkerchiefs greeted the distinguished party. The cry of "Three Cheers for Lady Derby," "Three Cheers for the Chancellor," succeeded the enthusiasm, which was thereby revived with almost greater effect.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the "pealing organ" heralded the approach of the procession of the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, and Heads of Houses, accompanied by the distinguished personages, visitors on this occasion, among whom we noticed His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, the Persian Ambassador, and several others. As the procession entered, and the Chancellor in his robes made his appearance, the enthusiasm of the assemblage rose to the highest pitch, their cheers completely drowning the organ while it continued to pour forth its exulting strains. As the distinguished personages took their seats the organ commenced the national anthem, which was taken up by the assembled throng, who sang the words with considerable effect. The scene at this moment was exceedingly grand and imposing; the Chancellor was conducted to his seat of honour attended by the Vice-Chancellor, the Proctors, and other authorities of the University. The seats immediately adjoining were filled with distinguished men, most of them connected with this University, including the following Bishops of the Home and Colonial Church:—

Right hand of the Chancellor—Bishop of Chichester; Bishop of St. Asaph; Bishop of Lincoln; Bishop of

Antigua ; Bishop of Quebec ; Bishop of Guiana ; Bishop of Cape Town.

Left hand—Bishop of Oxford ; Bishop of London ; Bishop of Salisbury ; Bishop of Montreal ; Bishop of Nova Scotia ; Bishop of Moray and Ross ; Bishop of St. Andrew.

The Chancellor opened the Convocation in the usual form, announcing the names of those on whom it was proposed to confer Honorary Degrees. Having presented to the Royal Princes, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge and His Royal Highness the Duke of Mecklenburg Stréltz, the diplomas of their Degrees (which had been agreed to in a previous Convocation), the Chancellor next proposed, seriatim, the names of the remaining Candidates, paying a passing compliment to each. Some laughter was caused by an occasional response from the Undergraduate's Gallery of "*Nobis placet*," "*placet nobis quam maxime*." A slight pause in the proceedings then ensued whilst these persons were sent for in order to receive the honour to be conferred. As they entered the Theatre they were most enthusiastically cheered, and the name of "Disraeli" being called out, as the right hon. gentleman was recognized in the throng, the applause was renewed with extraordinary enthusiasm.

As soon as order was restored, Dr. Phillimore, as the Deputy of his father, the Regius Professor of Civil Law, presented these personages in the order given below, prefacing each name with a suitable Latin address. They were all well received. The names of the Marquis of Blandford, the Marquis of Chandos, Lord St. Leonard's, Lord Stanley, Lord Eglinton, and Mr. Walpole, called forth rapturous

plaudits ; but the greatest amount of enthusiasm by far was elicited by the presentation of Mr. Disraeli for the Honorary Degree, the Undergraduates rising *en masse* and cheering him most vociferously, which was heartily responded to from other parts of the House. In conferring the Degree upon his son, Lord Stanley, the noble Chancellor was evidently affected, applying to him, as he did, the words "*filius meus dilectissimus*," and it was with a manifest feeling of conscious pride that he took Lord Stanley by the hand, and greeted him as a Doctor. The cheering became so protracted that it was sometime before the business of presentation could be proceeded with, and upon Mr. Disraeli being taken by the hand by the Chancellor and conducted to his seat the cheering was again renewed. At the conclusion of Dr. Phillimore's address and presentation of the person on whom the Honorary Degree was to be conferred, the Chancellor in a brief Latin address declared the admission to the Degree, when each of the new Doctors approached the chair and shook hands with his Lordship. The following is a list of the persons upon whom the degree of D.C.L. was conferred :—

The Most Noble the Marquis of Blandford, M.P.
 The Most Noble the Marquis of Chandos, M.P.
 The Right Hon. the Earl of Eglinton and Wintown.
 The Right Honourable the Earl of Hardwicke.
 The Right Honourable the Earl of Malmesbury.
 The Right Honourable Lord Stanley.
 The Right Honourable Lord Redesdale.
 The Right Honourable Lord Colchester.
 The Right Honourable Lord St. Leonard's.
 The Right Honourable the Lord Justice Turner.
 The Right Hon. Sir John S. Pakington, Bart., M.P.
 The Right Honourable Spencer Horatio Walpole, M.P.

The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, M.P.

The Right Honourable Joseph Napier, M.P.

Major-General the Honourable Sir Edward Cust, K.C.B.

The Rev. Joseph Pulling, B.D., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

At the conclusion of this part of the proceedings the Public Orator ascended the rostrum, and delivered the customary Latin oration. He alluded in the course of it, to the plan of University Extension, which contemplates the admission of Students not belonging to any College or Hall, and read an amusing extract from Anthony Wood, descriptive of the misdeeds of such students, "*grex balatorum*," Anglice, "a pack of varlets."

The Prize Essay "Popular Poetry considered as a Text of National Character," by Starling William Day, B.A., Scholar of Wadham College, was then recited.

(The Latin Prize Poem was not awarded this year.)

The Odes in Greek, Latin, and English, written for the occasion, were recited in the following order :—

Σάμερον παρ' εὐκελάδοις ῥοαῖσιν
 Ἴσιδος φόρμιγγι καλῇ μελίσδει
 Μοῖσα, φοινικάνθεμον εὖ πλέκοισα
 δαίδαλον ἔρνος

εὐλυρῶν μολπᾶν' στυγερά δὲ δάφνας
 ἔμπρέπει κλάδοις κυπάρισσος, οὐδ' ἀπ-
 εντὶ κάδειος κρόκος, οὐ σέλινον,
 οὐδ' ὑάκινθος·

δωμάτων γὰρ τῶνδ' ὁ παλαιὸς ἄρχων
 οἷχεται, καὶ νύξ ἱερὰ τὸν ἐν μά-
 χαις ἀριστεύσαντα, τὸν ἐν θυέλλαις
 πύργον, ἀπειλε,

πάτριδος σωτήριον, οὐ γὰρ ὕβριν
 δαῖων πύκ' ἔτρεσεν, οὐ τύραννον
 μάργον ἰθύνοντα λύκων στράτευμα
 γᾶς διὰ μέσσας.

ἀλλὰ σ' οὐχ ὑμνάσομεν, ἀνέρων γὰρ
 ἀγλαῶν γὰ πᾶσα τάφος, καλῶν τε
 πραγμάτων θάλλει χάρις, ἐκ τε τύμβων
 ἄψοφος ὁμφὰ

ἐμφανῆς ἀκούεμεν, "ὦ γένεθλον
 ὀβρανῶν, ἀνθρωπ', ἀρετᾶς κελεύθους
 ἐμπατεῖν τέον τόδε τοῦργον, οὐ τι
 κάλλιον εὖχος."

ὀρφανὸς δ' ἔκλαυσε δόμους ἄλις τέ-
 οισιν ὦ νερ σάμας' ἐπισιδάνοισα
 Μοῖσα, νῦν δ' ἐκ πορφυρέας καλύπτρας
 ὄππατι φαιδρῶ
 δωμάτων σεμνῶν νέον ἀγλαῖσμι' ἀσ-
 πάσδεται, παίδων ἐρατῶν ἄωτον
 οὐ μάχας μναστήρα τίοισα λυγρᾶς,
 οὐδὲ κυδοιμῶ.

ἔντι δ' οὐ μικρὸν κλέος ἐξ ἀμίλλαν
 ἀσύχων πάσας ἀρετᾶς, ἔχει τε
 Μοῖσα κάλλιστον στεφάνωμα τέκνοις
 ἄμβροτον αἰέν.

τὴν δὲ νῦν γελεύσα φιλῶς δίδωσιν·
 οἶσθα γὰρ κραμνόνους Ἑλικῶνος ἀγνῶ,
 οἶσθα δενδρῶτιν λίβαδ' Ἴπποκράνας
 ἀργυροδίνω,
 Δελφικῷ θ' ἰδρυμα θεῶ· τόδ' ὦν τὸ
 πρεμενῶς δέκευ φίλε· τὴν δ' ἀρήγοι
 καὶ Θέμις παρισταμένα, Δίκα τε
 σύμμαχος εἴη.

χῶς ἀπείρονος πελάγους δι' ὄρφναν
 ἡμέραις ἐν χειμερίασι ναὸς
 δαμίας οἶακα καλῶς ἐνώμας

αἰέν' αὔπνος,

τῶς σέ δει τῶνδ' ὠγγύων μελάθρων,
 καρτερῶς τηρεῖντα θέμιν, κρατύνειν,
 καίετ' ὅδε δίκαν ἀπαλῶν νεοσσῶν

ὑβριν ἀπείργειν·

νῦν γὰρ ὦ νῦν αἶ πόκα κατερῶτα
 συνδίκῳ σοφῷ χρέος ἄμμι, τεῦ δ' ἐκ
 χειλέων ρεῖ θελξιφρόνων γλυκεῖα

Νέστορος αἰδᾶ.

τὴν δ' ὅταν γέροντι Μόρος ποτέλῃ
 ἀσύχῃ βάσει, (τὸ δὲ δὴν ἀπείη,)
 στέψομε καὶ τεῦ τάφον εὐλυροῖσιν

ἄνθεσι Μουσᾶν.

C. GRIFFITH,
 e Coll. Wadham.

Ergo tumultus Urbis, et anxia
 Deliberantis munia curiæ,
 Paullum remisisti, et labores
 Legiferos, populique curam ;
 Feliciori redditus omine,
 Isin revisis prataque conscia,
 Urbisque turritam coronam
 Pieriæ, latebrasque amœnas.
 Salve ! vetustæ progenies domûs !
 Salve ! paterni gloria nominis !
 Qui gentis antiquos honores
 Egregiæ egregior reportas.

Te Musa sacris læta recessibus,
 Lyrâ salutat, te reducem colit,
 Pompamque festinat superbam
 Lesbiaco decorare cantu.—
 Te fronde cinctum tempora Delphicâ,
 Inter catervas laude faventium,
 Testes Syracusæ beatam *
 Carminis abripuisse palmam.
 Olim juventæ primitiis tuæ
 Mater fovebat, nunc eadem parat
 Gratata Rectoris supremam
 Pro meritis Rhedycina sedem.
 Haud terruerunt te moderamina
 Commissa rerum, quominus imperi
 Navem gubernares per undas
 Incolumi sine fraude cursu :
 Leges iniquas, auspiciis tuis,
 Contaminato justitiæ sinu,
 Longasque lites abrogari
 Vidimus, insidiasque juris.—
 Tu cautus idem, ne (grave dedecus)
 Insultet agris turma Britannicis
 Externa, conscriptas phalanges
 Præsidium patriæ dedisti.
 Ergo intuentes mentem adamantinâ
 Fide tenacem, credidimus tibi
 Claves potestatemque nostri
 Liminis, ingenuosque fascēs—

* The Earl of Derby gained the Latin Prize Poem Syracuse, 1819.

Hic tu refulgens murice vestium,
 Edvarde, sedem præcipuam tenes,
 Quam fama Virtutis † prioris,
 Immeritæque mori sacravit.
 O si diu nos nobilitas tua,
 Constansque pectus servet in arduis,
 Vocisque facundæ canorum
 Fulminet eloquium, peracto
 Belli tumultu, nostraque vindicet
 Ab ingruenti jura periculo,
 Salvâque libertate plebis
 Comprimat illicitos furores—
 Doctrina nobis, te duce, lætius
 Artesque surgant : Anglia te diu
 Inter Camænarum patronos
 Unanimo veneretur ore.

JACOBUS AUGUSTUS ATKINSON,
 e Coll. Exon.

I had been thinking of the antique masque
 Before high Peers and Peeresses at Court,
 Of the strong gracefulness of Milton's task,
 'Rare Ben's' gigantic sport.
 Those delicate creations, full of strange
 And perilous stuff, wherein the silver flood
 And crowned city suffer'd human change,
 Like things of flesh and blood.

† William Wyndham, Lord Grenville, Chancellor, 1800.
 Arthur, Duke of Wellington, Chancellor, 1834.

And I was longing for a hand like those
 Somewhere in bowers of learning's fine retreat,
 That it might fling immortally one rose

At Stanley's honor'd feet :—

Fair as that woman, whom the prophet old
 In Ardath met, lamenting for her dead,
 With sackcloth cast above the tiar of gold,

And ashes on her head,

Methought I met a Lady yestereven ;
 A passionless grief, that had nor tear nor wail,
 Sat on her pure proud face, that gleam'd to Heaven,

White as a moon-lit sail.

She spake : " On this pale brow are looks of youth,
 Yet angels listening on the argent floor
 Know that these lips have been proclaiming truth,

Nine hundred years and more :

" And Isis knows what time-grey towers rear'd up,
 Gardens and groves and cloister'd halls are mine,
 Where quaff my sons from many a myrrhine cup
 Draughts of ambrosial wine.

" He knows how night by night my lamps are lit,
 How day by day my bells are ringing clear,
 Mother of ancient lore, and Attic wit,

And discipline severe.

" It may be long ago my dizzied brain
 Enchanted swam beneath Rome's master spell,
 Till like light tintured by the painted pane

Thought in *her* colours fell.

" Yet when the great old tongue with strong effect
 Woke from its sepulchre accross the sea,
 The subtler spell of Grecian intellect

Work'd mightily in me.

"Time pass'd—my groves were full of warlike stirs ;
 The student's heart was with the merry spears,
 Or keeping measure to the clanking spurs
 Of Rupert's Cavaliers.

"All these long ages, like a holy mother
 I rear'd my children to a lore sublime,
 Picking up fairer shells than any other
 Along the shores of Time.

"And must I speak at last of sensual sleep,
 The dull forgetfulness of aimless years ?
 O, let me turn away my head and weep
 Than Rachel's bitterer tears.

"Tears for the passionate hearts I might have won,
 Tears for the age with which I might have striven,
 Tears for a hundred years of work undone,
 Crying like blood to Heaven.

"I have repented, and my glorious name
 Stands scutcheon'd round with blazonry more bright.
 The wither'd rod, the emblem of my shame,
 Bloom'd blossoms in a night.

"And I have led my children on steep mountains
 By fine attraction of my spirit brought
 Up to the dark inexplicable fountains
 That are the springs of thought :

"Led them—where on the old poetic shore
 The flowers that change not with the changing moon,
 Breathe round young hearts, as breathes the sycamore
 About the bees in June.

"And I will bear them as on eagle's wings,
 To leave them bow'd before the sapphire Throne,
 High o'er the haunts where dying pleasure sings
 With sweet and swanlike tone.

" And I will lead the age's great expansions,
 Progressive circles toward thought's Sabbath rest,
 And point beyond them to the 'many mansions'

Where Christ is with the blest.

" Am I not pledged, who gave my bridal ring
 To that old man heroic, strong, and true,
 Whose grey-hair'd virtue was a nobler thing
 Than even Waterloo ?

" Surely that spousal morn my chosen ones
 Felt their hearts moving to mysterious calls,
 And the old pictures of my sainted sons

Look'd brighter from the walls.

" He sleeps at last—no wind's tempestuous breath
 Play'd a Dead March upon the moaning billow,
 What time God's Angel visited with death

The old Field Marshal's pillow.

" There was no omen of a great disaster
 Where castled Walmer stands beside the shore ;
 The evening clouds, like pillar'd alabaster,

Hung huge and silent o'er.

" The moon in brightness walk'd the 'fleecy rack,'
 Walk'd up and down among the starry fires,
 Heaven's great cathedral was not hung with black

Up to its topmost spires !

" But mine own Isis kept a solemn chiming,
 A silver Requiescat all night long,
 And mine old trees, with all their leaves, were timing

The sorrow of the song.

" And through mine angel-haunted aisles of beauty
 From grand old organs gush'd a music dim,
 Lauds for a champion who had done his duty.

I knew they were for *him* !

" But night is fading—I must deck my hair
For the high pageant of the gladsome morn,
I would not meet my chosen Stanley there

In sorrow or in scorn.

" I know him nobler than his noble blood,
Seeking for wisdom as the earth's best pearl,
And bring my brightest jewelry to stud
The baldrick of mine Earl.

" I and my children with our fairest gift,
With song will meet him and with music's swell,
The coronal a king might love to lift
It will beseem him well.

" And when the influx of the perilous fight
Shall be around us as a troubled sea,
He will remember, like a red-cross knight,
God, and this day, and me."

W. ALEXANDER, S.C.L.,
New Inn Hall.

Ταύτην μὲν αἰεὶ χρῆ, κυκλοῦντος ἡλίου,
σέβειν ἑορταῖς ἡμέραν ἑτησίῳις,
ἐν ᾗ δικαίαν ἀνθυπουργῆσαι χάριν
ἐνεργέταισι τοῖς πάλαι νομίζεται.
ἀνθ' ὧν ἀγῶνα τόνδε καὶ πανήγυριν
ἐστησάμεσθα, τοῦ Θεοῦ ξύν ἔνυμασιν.
οὐ γὰρ τε κεῖν' ἂν ἠτύχησεν ἐς τόδε,
εἰ μὴ παρέστη καὶ κατώρθωσεν Θεός.
μνήμη δ' ἐνὸς νῦν ἀνδρὸς ἐκπλήσσει χαρὰν,
οὗ καὶ θανόντος ζῶν ἐτ' ἐν στέρνοις βροτῶν
πένθος κνεφάζει καρδίαν προσημένον.
καῖνον πρόπασα γῇ στένει πεπτωκότα,

τὸν πιστὸν αἰεὶ πρόμαχον, ἐν κλόνῳ μάχης
 φανέντα πύργον ἀσφαλῆ σωτηρίας.
 νῦν δῆτ' ἀληθής, ὄνπερ ἄνθρωποι λόγον
 τῶν φιλάτων θρηνοῦσιν ἐστερημένοι,
 τὸν ἄρτι κοιμηθέντ' ἀριστεύσαι μάκρῳ·
 ὅστις κρατὶ τ' ἔνειμε, καὶ διώρισεν
 ἀρχὰς, βραβεύων ξὺν δίκῃ νικηφόρῳ·
 καὶ τὸν μέγαν τύραννον ἐκρίψας θρόνων,
 τὸν ζωπυροῦντα πόλεμον, εἰρήνην πάλιν
 ἐλευθέρους κατ'έκισ' Εὐρώπης γύαις·
 ἔν' οὐκέθ' ὥς πρὶν ἀγρίαις γνάθοις Ἄρης
 διασπαράσσει πεδίον, οὐ χαλκεὺς ἔτι
 Αἰδοῦ φλογωποὺς μηχανὰς μυδροκτυπεῖ·
 ἐν δ' ἀσφαλεῖ θωραῖα καρποῦνται βροτοί.
 κἄπει πατρῴαν τήνδ' ἀλίκλυστον χθόνα
 ἐν εὐδίᾳ κατήλθε, παντοίας λαβῶν
 τιμὰς γέρα, τε, πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις σέβας,
 ἄνευ φθόνου ζηλωτὸς, ἐν γερούσι
 γνωμὴν ἀριστος, τοῦ τ' ἄνακτος οὐ μακρὰν
 ἤσσω, προεστὼς τῶν ὀμηλίκων πολὺ,
 εἰ τις δ' ἐν ὄλβῳ μακρὸν ἐκτίνας βίον,
 κοινῷ μύρῳ παρήκε λευκανθὲς κᾶρα.
 καὶ μὴν ἄθραπτος ὥσπερ ἦν προκειμένος,
 (1) σεισμοὶ, θύελλαι θεῶν ἄνδρ' ἐθέσπισαν.
 θανόντα δ' αὐτὸν ἀφθόνοις κτερίσμασιν
 πομπαῖς τε κηδεύουσι, τιμαλφεῖ λεώς·
 δήμου δ' ἅπαντος ἔκκριτοι θάπτουσί μιν,
 γένος τ' ἀριστοὶ χοῖ μάλιστ' ἐν ἀξίᾳ.
 καὶ νῦν, οἷον περ εἰκὸς, ἥρωες διπλοῖ,
 ὁ ναῦσι κλεινὸς χῶ μέγας στρατηλάτης,

(1) It is said that the elements will not rest while a great man remains unburied.

κοίτη δ' ὄντε συγκαθεύδουσιν μία,
 πόλεις ἢ ἱερὸν ἴσταται μεσόμεφαλον,
 ναὸν κατ' αὐτὸν κοινὸν εὐρόντες λέχος.
 ἐρημίαν δὲ τάσδε τῶν Μουσῶν ἔδρας
 ναίουσιν ἡμῖν καὶ πόθους ἀνωφελεῖς
 λέλοιπεν, ὦν πρὶν προστάτης ἐκλήζετο·
 οὓς ἐξαλεῖψαι τίς ποτ' ἂν δύναιτ' ἀνηρ ;
 καίτοι τὸν εἰσιόντ' ἀπ' εὐνοίας φρενῶν
 φθογγόισι τ' εὐφώνοισι δεξάσθαι χρεῶν,
 ὃς εἰς ἐκείνου νῦν ἔδραν ἐνίσταται.
 ἐλπίς γὰρ αὐτὸν οὐ κενὴ παρεγγυῇ
 δράσειν ἂν ἔργα συμφορᾶς ἐπάξια.
 εἰ γὰρ τὸ γεννᾶνόν τι θαρσύνειν ἔχει,
 καὶ τῶν παλαιῶν θεσμίῶν ἐσθλὸν σέβας,
 τρυδ' οὐκ ἄφρακτοι προστάτου, δοκεῖν ἔμοι,
 γεγραψόμεσθα· κῆν τις ἐμπέσῃ νόσος,
 εὐρεῖν ἄκος τι πρὶν παθεῖν πειράσεται.
 καὶ πρὶν δ' ἐπῆλθεν, ὥστε ἀκπλήξαι φόβῳ,
 ἐχθρῶν ἀπ' ἀνδρῶν δύσμοχον κλυδώνιον·
 ἀλλ' οὐπόθ' ἡμῖν κύμα ναῦς ἐδέξατο.
 ἀλλ' ὥσπερ αὐγαὶ λαμπάδων φαεσφόρων
 ὄρφνην διήκουσ' ὦδε, τῆς ἄλλης κύκλι
 γάίας ἀνοίᾳ καὶ στάσει σκοτουμένης,
 πυργωμάτων ἐκ τῶνδ' ἀπέστιλψεν φάος.
 τοιγὰρ μεγίστῳ χρηὶ προσεύχεσθαι Θεῷ,
 ὡς μήτ' ἄβουλοι μήθ' ὑπῶν νικώμενοι
 ἐνδῶμεν ἐχθροῖς ἀνδράσιν λαβὴν ποτε·
 συνήγοροι δὲ τῆς ἀληθείας ἀεὶ
 πιστοὶ, ματαίους τ' ἐξετάζοντες λόγους
 φανώμεθ', ἔργον ἀποτελοῦντες ἔξοχον·
 χρηστοῖς τε παιδεύσωμεν ἥθεσιν νέους,
 πολλοῖς ὁδοῦντες ὠφελήμασιν βίου.

οὕτω παρέσται πρὸς μὲν ἀνθρώπων κλέος
 Θεός δ', ὅτ' τὰ πάντα πράσσομεν τάδε,
 χάριν διδοὺς καὶ πλείον' ὧν αἰτούμεθα,
 ἅει προάξει μάσσον εὖεστώ φίλην.

R. S. FALCON, B.A.,
 e Coll Reg.

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."

Musæ, sacрати numina verticis,
 Fontisque amantes Naiadum chori,
 Quotquot fatigatos labore
 Pieriâ recreatis umbrâ,
 Si cara vobis, ut prius, indoles
 Nutrita vestris sub penetralibus,
 Si cara virtus, atque fama
 Nominis intemerata magni,
 Adeste cunctæ : dicite, *frigidas
 Quæ mox ad aures ætheris exeant,
 Spirentque pendentem per orbem
 Socraticis iteranda turbis.
 Jampridem acerbis victa doloribus
 Mæret peremptum Patria principem ;
 Imosque Musarum recessus
 Propter, arundineasque ripas,
 Virtus, coronâ cincta cupressinâ,
 Latè querelis flebilibus gemit,
 Ceu mæsta per sylvas procella,
 Vel gemitus maris inquieti.

"Sung into the cold ears of the stars."—ALEXANDER SMITH.

Nunc Hora vanis parcere fletibus,
 Finemque jussit tristitiæ dare ;
 Nunc aura ridentis Favoni
 Frigoribus rediit solutis
 Salve ! fidelis dux patriæ, et memor
 In hâc adultæ sede puertiæ,
 Quas ipse, nec frustra, colebas,
 Thespiadum accipias honorem.
 Te nostra, †gratâ cui juvenilia
 Cingebat olim tempora laurea,
 Majore donandum coronâ
 Nunc iterum revocavit Isis:
 Nec vana tantis auspiciis fides :
 Quippe et futuræ præscia gloriæ,
 Laus ista prædixit sequendos
 Fulgidiore rotâ triumphos.
 Tu, quum senatûs corda labantia
 Diu paverent ancipiti metu
 Per dura fulsisti pericla
 Præsidium columenque rerum.
 Sic nauta, diris multùm Aquilonibus
 Caliginosâ nocte per Adriam
 Jactatus, optati per umbram
 Sideris, auspicium salutat.
 O disciplinæ fautor, et artium,
 Turbas furentes eloquio potens
 Torquere, civilesque motus
 Consilio cohibere justo

† The Earl of Derby obtained one of the Chancellors's
 Prizes at Oxford,

Diu, precamur, dux bone, laurea
 Frontem coronet, Thespiadum decus,
 Diuque per terras, ad ortum
 Solis ab Hesperio cubili,
 Neglecta quamvis cætera lividæ
 Obliviones undique carpserint,
 Te principem, fidumque rebus
 Subsidium dubiis, amicum
 Musis, patronumque artibus, et ducem
 Quacunque Virtus expediat viam,
 Noscent Camcenæ : te, coronâ
 Cæruleos redimita crines,
 Isis, catervas inter amabiles
 Nympharum, ab oris concinet ultimis :
 Serique servabunt nepotes
 Perpetuæ monumenta laudis.
 LIONEL DAWSON DAMEE,
 e Coll. Trin.

“δακρύοεν γελασάσα.”

Thrice welcome to the seat thy worth hath won,
 Proud in her grief sad Isis hails her son :—
 Welcome ! but question not the sigh that starts
 From the sealed sorrow of a thousand hearts ;—
 Welcome ! but ask not why in Sheldon's hall
 The voice must falter, and the greeting fall ;
 Greeting as warm, and joy as deep and proud
 As though that greeting, and that joy were loud ;
 And faith as steadfast, love as strong we bear
 Though Past and Present mingle smile and tear :—

We weave two wreaths, we twine two garlands now,
 One of bright olive for thine honoured brow,
 And one of cypress for the mighty dust
 Who is our Memory, as thou our Trust :—
 And therefore mourn we, therefore we rejoice,
 Shaping glad welcomes with a saddened voice ;
 Because to-day great Arthur's seat we see
 Vacant of him,—held worthily of thee.

Sad and remindful task it were to say
 What hope and gladness graced the happy day
 When diadem'd with Victory's brightest bays,
 As Knight that entereth after Herald's praise,
 Hither he came, whose fame had come before,
 From Spain's sierras, and the Belgic shore,
 When Learning's self forgetting doubt and dread
 Unclassed the helmet from her Warrior's head,
 Ungirt the good steel sword his thigh displayed,
 And wiped the bloody honour from its blade :
 Nor held unfitting, nor unworthy thought
 The gentle work her timid fingers wrought,
 For holiest is the war that winneth Peace,
 And best the strife that biddeth striving cease ;
 And now !—(alas but for our Hope in thee
 How sad and mournful were such Memory !)
 The sword that stayed not 'till the fight was done,
 The heart that failed not 'till the right was won,
 Firm heart and faithful sword—their work is o'er
 And the great Captain resteth evermore.

But Peace hath victories of deed and word
 Won with a subtler weapon than the sword,

And civic wreaths a greener gleam display
 Than the stained garlands of the finished fray :
 Peace hath her battle-fields :—where they who fight
 Win more than honour, vanquish more than might,
 And strive a strife against a fiercer foe
 Than one who comes with battle-axe and bow ;
 And this was thine :—War's tempest was away
 Leaving thy destinies a fairer day,
 The Eagles slept, the Lion flags were furled,
 No battle-thunder woke the weary world,
 No Leipsic, Linden, Borodino, then
 Stained the sweet meadows with the blood of men :
 But Peace, yet bleeding from the lance of war,
 And Trust, and Truth, and Plenty frightened far ;
 Learning uplooking from her lettered scroll,
 And Science starting at the drum's deep roll ;
 And angry Justice with white spreading wings,
 Leaving for ever Earth and Earthly things :
 These to win back, to comfort, and to calm
 'Till War's wild Pœan sank to peaceful psalm,
 And English homes, untenanted no more,
 Held hopes, and loves, and laughter, as before ;
 Senates to sway and Councillors to lead
 With earnest eloquence, and ready deed ;
 And sailing o'er a deep and dangerous flood
 To watch one guiding star—thy country's good :
 To hold to Honour for dear Honour's sake
 'Till Faction envied what it might not shake ;
 The right to succour and the wrong subdue,
 This was thy triumph—this thy Waterloo :—
 Well through that bloodless fight thy virtue bore
 The Stanley's banner stainless as of yore ;

The silver shield that wears no trait'rous blot,
The legend of the faith that changes not.*

Once more the city of the tower and dome
Bids thee brave welcome to thine early home !
Thou hear'st from tongue to tongue the greetings borne
Where thy first laurel wreath was won and worn !
Here—in an old and well remembered scene,
Here—where thy verse hath rung : thy voice hath been,
Oxford that sent thee forth, recalls in pride
Once her dear son, and now her guard and guide ;
Strong in thy love, and steadfast in thy strength
Hope hath chased Memory :—she smiles at length :
Only in other times if need there be
To tell her love for him, her hope for thee,
Be this the sign ;—that when she sorrowed most
Mourning at once her bulwark and her boast,
To solace best a sad, and anxious grief,
And best to honour England's buried Chief,
She chose no meaner name, no lower line
To grace his seat and guard her Fame, than thine.

EDWIN ARNOLD,
e Coll. Univ.

At the conclusion of these odes, which were most rapturously applauded throughout, especially the allusions to the Duke, the late revered Chancellor, and to Lord Derby his worthy successor, three cheers were given with great enthusiasm, the company in the galleries rising to take part in the demonstration. As soon

* The motto of the Stanley family is "*Sans changer*."

as comparative silence was restored the Chancellor rose and closed the proceedings by formal adjournment. His Lordship and the distinguished visitors attended by the Vice-Chancellor and other authorities of the University then left the theatre, amidst the renewed cheers of the assemblage, and returned to Worcester College, and after partaking of luncheon honoured the Horticultural show with their presence.

Immediately after the celebration in the Theatre a distinguished party assembled at the residence of the Warden of All Souls' College, previous to a luncheon given by the Fellows of the College in the Hall,—and also at the Warden's house.

The Chancellor held a Levee in the Library of the Taylor Institution in the course of the afternoon, when many Members of the University had the honour of being introduced to the noble Lord.

UNIVERSITY BANQUET TO THE CHANCELLOR AT WORCESTER COLLEGE.

The University Banquet to the Chancellor took place in the evening, in the Hall of Worcester College ; a very large and distinguished party were invited to meet his Lordship.

After Grace had been said, the VICE-CHANCELLOR gave "the health of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," which was received with all the honours, the band playing the National Anthem.

The next toast was "Prince Albert, Albert Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family," which was acknowledged by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

The "Army and Navy" followed, which was acknow-

ledged by General REEVE on behalf of the former, and by Lord RADSTOCK, on the part of the latter.

The VICE-CHANCELLOR then rose and spoke as follows:—My Lords and Gentlemen : I have now the honor of proposing a toast which compels me to solicit your kind patience and indulgence. I need your patient indulgence not for a lengthened speech—not for a protracted oration—not for a long suspension from your glass, or from the pleasure of social conversation. I require your patient endurance of language falling far short of your preconceived apprehensions, of your pre-harbored affections. I propose to you a toast—the toast of the evening—a toast which I desire to be regarded as the warm greeting among us of our noble Chancellor, the expression of our heartfelt satisfaction in our choice having rested upon the Earl of Derby—"The Earl of Derby," the premier protestant Peer of this realm, the representative of one of our most ancient aristocratic families, a family which has had a greater influence on the destinies of this country than almost any other family in the United Kingdom. The patent of the earldom bears testimony to this ; the patent of the Earldom of Derby dated from the field of Bosworth records the glorious turn given to the battle there fought by a Stanley. It reminds us of Lord Stanley with his seven thousand Cheshire and Lancashire men turning the fate of that field which liberated England from the sovereignty of that monster of moral deformity, Richard III. ; and staid those currents of blood which had so long flowed in the wars of the roses, and in its more distant results induced the union of Scotland and England under one sovereignty, which put an end to the border

wars, and exchanged the progress of the sovereign to the North from a march at the head of armies for slaughter and bloodshed to the peaceful journeys northward of our present beloved Queen. It brought the whole of our island into one kingdom from south to north, and enables our Queen to have her Marine Villa at Osborne and her hunting box at Balmoral.

A happy influence has been derived to the Church also from the noble family of Derby. I allude to one fact only which may at first sight appear to be of trifling import. But upon tracing out all its results I believe it will be found to have had vast and extensive effect on the Church of England. I speak of the appointment of the pious Bishop Wilson to the see of the Isle of Man by the Earl of Derby in the exercise of his sovereignty over that island. Now I believe that the example and writings of that eminent Bishop have had immense effect in framing the minds and characters of great numbers of the Clergy of England. My own history, with that of many others, bears testimony to this.

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonus." There is a vein of talent running through families. We have opportunities of witnessing this in our University. Deplorable is it when young members of noble families have passed their youthful days in profligacy and idleness. Most painful is it to witness this. We consider how their conduct leads not only to their own ruin, but to that of the aristocracy. But on the other hand it is most delightful when we find young noblemen shining brilliantly in literature. It gives some hope that they will become a support to their own order

and to the country. And now nothing can be expected to stand but that which is of real use. Our Chancellor manifested a commencement of an eminent-course in this University. He left Oxford too early for space being allowed for its maturity. But we follow him to the Senate and there we find him one of the greatest ornaments of the House of Commons. I will not attempt to describe the knowledge of State affairs and the eloquence which he there displayed. But I will mention one incident which may tend to induce a vast impression of his talents. Great must have been the apprehension of his powers which would urge a faltering Ministry in the midst of a debate which appeared to be turning against them to send for Lord Stanley who was not then present in the House to support their cause. And great must have been Lord Stanley's knowledge of state matters, and surprising the real power of his eloquence, when he could come down to the House, rapidly gather together the points under debate, and so speak as to give a fresh turn to the whole debate and bring victory to the Ministry.

Passing from the Commons to the Lords we here also find the wonderful eloquence of Lord Derby shining forth. Whether we call to mind his speeches at the struggling for birth of an incipient Ministry or the expanding development of its plans, or in maintaining the Christian integrity of Parliament, or passing from deliberative to epideictic orations recur to his noble eulogies of the illustrious Duke, his predecessor, we find in all the most amazing powers of talent and eloquence. There was an article in one of our papers some time since bringing together the leading orators of eminence in the House of Lords, and I will venture to say, though

I know that I am speaking in the presence of so many noble members of that illustrious House, I will venture to say, without fear of their contradicting me, that in that bright constellation of eminent orators there enumerated, there shone with the most brilliant lustre the Earl of Derby. Politics must not be even mentioned to-day. But without adverting to political views I may say that when I have been reading my Lord Derby's speeches I have thought here is wisdom, and what is of far more importance, I have thought here is religion. Most valuable is it to find those who contribute greatly to the benefit of the country manifesting religious principles. Truly the contrary is most painful. It is indeed most painful to observe in the midst of vast and wonderful exertions, in the cabinet or in the field, a sad absence of Christian principles. Such was deplorably the case in the history of the last century, a century by no means barren of men of eminent and brilliant talents. But of these too many were miserably destitute of religious and moral principle. Most cheering then is it to find political reasoning grounded on the principles of true religion.

And we have the best means of tracing religion in the private studies of Lord Derby. There is a book published by his lordship. It is indeed a small book. *Μεγα βιβλιον μεγα κακον*. It is a small book, but it contains a vast extent of matter. A book upon the Parables of our blessed Lord must contain a vast sphere of truth. For it must comprehend all the elements of the system of the Gospel and all the outline of true morality. These great matters may however be treated in many different ways. But to the correct and

feelings which have been excited in my breast by the wholly unexpected honour which this great and time-honoured University has conferred upon me in unanimously electing me to the distinguished post of her Chancellor—the more distinguished from the consideration of who was my predecessor. And I know not whether to be more impressed with my utter unworthiness for the occasion, when I met such a magnificent assemblage in the splendid theatre this morning, or when I was so flatteringly received as I have been this evening by the assemblage which I have now the honour to address. I have had the honour of being appointed the Chancellor of a University whose early history is lost in the obscurity of fable ; but which, from the earliest periods to which it can be traced, has been in perpetual connection with the dearest, the highest, and the holiest interests of this great empire ; has been throughout the bulwark of her laws, her liberties, and her religion—the faithful adherent to the crown, the munificent patron of literature, and the fruitful mother of science and of talent. (Applause.)

It would be impertinent in me to magnify my own office by lauding the University, whose name itself is above all the eulogy I can pass upon it. Time would fail me, indeed, were I to seek to enumerate the long list of worthies who have in the camp, in the field, in the senate, at the bar, in the pulpit, on the bench, reflected interminable honour through countless generations upon the University that first taught and matured their youthful intellects. Here I am received in the most flattering manner by an assembly comprising among itself representatives of all that is most distin-

guished for nobility and birth, for science, for eloquence, for power, and for ability, in every stage of life of which the great community of this country is composed. Here I see, not only members of that illustrious family who reign now not more securely by the laws upon the throne of this country than by the well-won and well-deserved affection of the people over whom they rule (cheers); but here, too, the representatives of foreign nations, and above all, the representative of that great republic—our brothers in blood, our brothers in laws, our brothers in literature with whom, though oceans roll between us—oceans now almost bridged over by the power of science, there are links of relationship and consanguinity—links of common freedom, links of common history and common laws which must now and for ever bind together the mother and her glorious daughter in social friendship by the ties of affection, not less than those of interest. (Loud cheers).

I see around me many of the most distinguished dignitaries of that venerable Church of which I am an humble, but attached member. I see around me those who are most distinguished in the senate, and I may be forgiven if I say that I see with peculiar pleasure some of those to whom I owe a debt of obligation which I can never repay (hear, hear), for having consented to co-operate with me in that arduous task which I ventured to undertake of conducting the government of this great empire. I see others also equally distinguished, with whom I have not the same political connection, but whom I am not the less proud to see here for the purpose of doing honour to the University, upon which University their presence in turn confers an

equal honour. I see here the historian, the poet, the writer, the man of science. I see represented here every branch of science and of literature, all combined in paying a tribute of regard and kindness to one who feels how little claim he has to deserve it. I ask myself, then, what title I had to look to that distinguished honour which the University has conferred upon me. Your respected Vice-Chancellor has enumerated amongst my other claims the being descended from an ancient line of ancestors, who, in their time, had done some service to the state.

*"Sed genus, et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco."* (Cheers.)

There is, however, an old motto, well worthy of attention, "*Noblesse oblige*;" the lesson inculcated by which is this, that if there be any distinction conferred by the claims or the merits of our ancestors, it imposes the obligation on those who succeed them, not to disgrace nor dishonour their name, but to seek to render themselves worthy of the origin from which they sprung. (Cheers.) I have had ancestors who, for their loyalty to the throne, and their fidelity to their country, have died in the field of battle, and, harder still, upon the scaffold. (Hear, hear.) Though I cannot pretend to emulate their high claims, yet this I hope I may say, that if loyalty to the crown or faithfulness to my country call upon me, I trust I shall not disgrace their name by refusing to purchase the safety of the one or the other by the sacrifice of my heart's best blood. (Loud and enthusiastic cheering.) Looking back to the motives which may have influenced the choice of the University in making their selection of a Chancellor,

there was one which, though indeed it was of a negative character in itself, was nevertheless one of a not unimportant description—I mean that my nomination, as I was given to understand, would be the symbol of peace in the University—that I was believed not to be attached warmly to either of those extremes in our venerated Church by which she had been divided, and by which division, unhappily, she had been weakened; and that those who might be at variance with regard to other candidates, might be content to waive their preference for either the one or the other, by falling back upon one who, they did him the credit of believing, was a sincerely-attached member of the Church of England, though not peculiarly attached to either of the extreme parties which unhappily existed. And while I thought this was the motive which might have weighed with them, it was one that to me was of no little value; for of all the objects which I look upon as of the highest importance at this moment, when the Church of England was surrounded by foes from without, I look upon it as of the highest importance that she should not be weakened by dissensions from within. (Loud cheers.) I have seen with grief and sorrow, and glad, indeed, should I be if I could see it no more, men of equal piety, of equal eminence, of equal zeal, of equal ardour in the cause of true religion, yet by unhappy speculative differences, led to look upon each other with far different feelings than those which ought to prevail, not only between brethren and Christians, but between Christians of the same community, and the same ancient, venerable, and holy Church. (Applause.)

When I look back from the present to the past, how

shall I venture to compare myself with that long list of worthies who, in times long gone by, and down to our own days, have filled the chair which I now unworthily occupy? How can I feel but humiliated beyond the power of expression, when I remember that I sit here by your favour, in the seat which of old was held amongst others, by Dudley, Earl of Leicester, by Sir Christopher Hatton, by Archbishop Laud; in the days of the great usurpation, by that great and able usurper Cromwell, and afterwards by Clarendon, and by others whose names escape me at this moment; but coming down to later days, by Lord North, by the Duke of Portland, by the highly-honoured and venerated name of Grenville, and last of all, by that name which needs but to be pronounced to receive the universal panegyric of England, of Europe, and the world—your own inimitable, your own lamented Wellington? How can I hope to emulate the fame of that great man who proved himself equal in every relation of life, and in every state, to every emergency, and who as civilian, citizen, soldier, and statesman, was alike unrivalled and without an equal. (Cheers.) In one quality I may perhaps imitate him, and that is in the absence of all consideration of self, and in the determination to sacrifice everything, and to consider it no sacrifice, at the simple call of duty. (Hear, hear.) That was the guiding principle of your late Chancellor. That was the secret of the inestimable and incalculable power which he obtained over the affections and the minds of his countrymen and of the world. (Hear, hear.) And though I can not hope to tread in his steps, that is a point of the noble Duke's character upon which I may venture steadily to fix

my eye, and to follow at an humble distance, if not his conduct, at least the motives which inspired that conduct. (Cheers.)

With these utterly inadequate remarks, I might here close my observations, were it not that I have succeeded to the office of Chancellor, not only to a most distinguished man, but at a somewhat critical period in the history of the University. And you will pardon me, if having succeeded him, and been constituted, in connection with your parliamentary representatives, in some respects the guardian of your rights and privileges, I add a few words respecting the present position of the University.

At this moment you stand, in common with the sister University of Cambridge, arraigned at the bar of public opinion. You are on trial before your country for the merits of your system: and I must be permitted to say that you are put upon that trial under some disadvantages, and not altogether upon equal terms. I will not say anything with regard to the commission which was issued for the purpose of inquiring into the discipline and management of the two Universities, although at the time I had certainly strong opinions with regard to the legality of the issue of that commission. But the doubts which I entertained upon that subject, and which indeed were entertained by others, have certainly led to this unfortunate consequence, that with regard both to Oxford and Cambridge, and especially as regards Oxford, the inquiry which has taken place has been of a partial and insufficient character. (Hear, hear.) I do not mean to impute blame to the commissioners when I use the word partial; but I mean to say that much evidence in favour of the University has not been tendered,

which would have been tendered had there been less doubt as to the propriety of the original commission. And yet, although I disapprove of the issue of that commission, I will frankly and honestly say before you all that I rejoice that that commission has been issued. (Hear, hear.) I rejoice that inquiry has taken place. I rejoice more especially that inquiry has been invited, and stimulated, and excited within the University itself. (Cheers.) And this I may venture confidently to add, that whatever may be the opinion entertained by the University with regard to specific recommendations contained in that commission, they are now impartially, deliberately, and industriously examining the whole subject matter of the discipline and the studies of the University, examining the recommendations and statements of the commissioners, prepared to adopt that which, in their honest and conscientious judgment they believe to be for the benefit of the University, anxious to meet public opinion by such changes as their own honest convictions might satisfy them would be beneficial, and equally prepared—and I can not blame them for it; I am ready cordially to support them in doing it—to resist any alterations which might be pressed upon them, and which they did not themselves believe to be for the permanent interests of those who were committed to their charge. (Loud cheers.)

I know not what course Parliament may pursue in a future session upon this subject; but I may venture to hope, that as far as possible, the interference of Parliament may be limited to a permissive power to the Universities, and to the several Colleges, after deliberate and dispassionate inquiry, to introduce such reforms

as they may deem to be expedient, aided by Parliament so far as to do away with the restrictions which bind many of the Colleges by their ancient and now impracticable statutes, and prevent them from introducing the amendments which they themselves may think desirable. (Hear, hear.) One thing more I trust will not be thought of—I trust will not be desired by Parliament—I trust will not be consented to by the University. I hope that, in all their reforms and in all their amendments, they will base their repairs and improvements upon the old ancient foundations—(hear, hear)—that they will not depart from the system of the University, from the corporate capacity of the University, and the Colleges its separate members; but, above all, though I will say nothing of the peculiar manner in which the connexion was enforced, I trust that nothing will separate the University from its permanent and invaluable connexion in discipline, government, and practice with the Established Church of this country. (Cheers.)

Much has been said upon the subject of possible changes and alterations in the character of the studies of the University. Far be it from me to depreciate the ancient studies of this University, or those abstruser studies which are more peculiarly the province of the sister University of Cambridge—studies which even in their first elements, and in their very commencement, framed and formed the youthful mind to the habit of close practical reasoning, and to deduction of effects from causes, and of consequences from their antecedents—studies which give to the mind a strength, a vigour, and a power of application which could be imparted by

no studies less severe, but which in their further and higher course carry human science beyond the reach of human belief—enable science to penetrate, not only the mighty mysteries of this world, but enable her to soar into the boundless realms of the heavens, to measure and to weigh, as it were, the stars of the firmament, to trace the course of the heavenly bodies, to penetrate into the infinitude of space above and around us, and to study until we become more and more impressed with the magnitude and simplicity of those unerring and invariable laws of nature, or rather, I should say, of nature's God, which regulate alike the smallest and the mightiest movements perceptible to our senses—movements, however, which are equally insignificant and unimportant in the eye of the Omniscient Creator of all things. Far be it from me to say a word in disparagement of that ancient classic lore which must be the charm of every youthful mind which gives itself up to that enchanting study, and which, impressed upon the mind in early days, will never be entirely forgotten, or lose its influence through long toilsome years. Who, that in the days of his early studies has tasted and enjoyed the noble simplicity of old Homer and old Herodotus—the classic elegance of Virgil—the sublime reasonings of Plato—the dignity, power, and pathos of the Greek Tragedians—the graphic accuracy of Thucydides—the easy unaffected narrative of Xenophon—the vigorous terseness of Tacitus—the impassioned eloquence of Demosthenes and Æschines—the graceful rhythm and pure Latinity of Cicero—the glorious daring of Pindar—the “*curiosa felicitas*” of Horace—the shrewd homely wit of Terence—the biting sarcasm of

Juvenal—who that has delighted in all these in his early and most impressible days, can be so dull and cold as that long years of after toil, and the cares of public life, can wholly quench in him that “*divinæ particulam auræ*,” with which he was inspired by his former, though long-neglected studies?

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu.

And no one, whose mind has been once thoroughly imbued with classic literature, but must feel and acknowledge the influence which it has exercised in after-life upon his mind, and upon the turn and character of his thoughts and arguments: and when he seeks to convey his thoughts in language, whether with the pen or with the tongue, though the stream may be drawn “from the pure well of English undefiled,” yet there may linger in the draught some flavour of the Heliconian spring; and under the imperceptible influence of the spirit of ancient harmony, the rude accents of our rugged but noble language may mould themselves into periods which may sometimes reflect, although imperfectly, something of the melodious rhythm and the incomparable modulation of those mighty masters of thought and language.

I intended an apology for the study of classical literature; I have been led into a panegyric; and I will only add that you may depend upon it that for the character, for the formation of the author, the statesman, and the gentleman—classic lore is of inestimable value. But with all my respect and veneration for the studies of mathematics and classics, I can not close my eyes to the fact that the object of this great Univer-

sity is not alone to educate authors, poets, or statesmen, but to send forth her sons armed at all points to meet the various discipline of the world, each in his own several profession carrying with him some common resemblance arising from the common stock, yet furnished with different arms to meet the exigencies of the future. In the present day the study of the modern languages, the study of modern history, the study of the laws of this and of other countries, and the study of the physical sciences, are obtaining great and growing influence, and becoming of great and growing importance. They, therefore, deserve more and more the attentive consideration of a University which desires to send forth her sons furnished at all points, and not confined to one or two professions.

I rejoice to see new schools established in which those studies are made a matter of competition, and the elements from which academical honours may be obtained. I confess I speak it with great humility, that in an University especially devoted to the service of the Church of England I should rejoice to see a separate school even for the younger members of the University—a separate school of theology in which those may study who intend to devote themselves to the service of the Church. For, although it is true that ample provision has been made for the teaching of divinity through the instrumentality of able and eminent professors, yet I am afraid it will be found that no study will be really and anxiously attended to by an Undergraduate desirous of distinction, unless that study directly—not indirectly—leads to practical eminence, and the recognition of University distinction at the period of examination. I am desirous of impress-

ing upon those whom I now have the honour of addressing—and especially upon those who are connected with the government of this University, that if they wish to maintain, as I do most fervently, their institutions upon their ancient foundations and the original structure of this University, unimpaired and untouched, it is of importance that they should not linger behind the reasonable requirements of the age, and whilst they do not yield to clamour, or consent to abandon their own real and fixed opinions, that they should endeavour, as widely as possible, to extend the discipline and the teaching of the University so as to make it more and more generally applicable to every class and every description of her Majesty's subjects—being members of the Church of England. (Loud cheers.) No one is more anxious than myself for the prosperity, and the perpetual good and advantage of the University with which I am connected; and my earnest and ardent prayer is that, day by day, and year by year, she may go on increasing in public usefulness, honour, and renown, and in every branch of learning send forth those who will reflect credit upon her, do honour to their country, and be of service to mankind in this and in future generations, whether it be in the battle field, the camp, the senate, at the bar, or, more especially, in that venerable profession, the service of the Church, of which she is the nurse and foster-mother; and that she may be enabled, year by year, to send out from her maternal bosom to the service of that Church men who will, by the power of their preaching, and their still more powerful example, assist in promoting the end of all education, from whatever source it may come,—Peace upon earth, good-will to

men, and the glory of that God to whom all professions and all classes are alike responsible. (Enthusiastic applause, amidst which the noble Earl resumed his seat.)

Several other toasts succeeded, and amongst them were "The Burgesses of the University," which was acknowledged by Sir R. Inglis, M.P.; "The Foreign Ministers," for which Mr. Ingersoll returned thanks; "The Bishops," responded to by the Bishop of London; "The University of Dublin," acknowledged by the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, M.P.; "The Bar of England," acknowledged by Sir F. Thesiger; "The healths of Sir Archibald Alison and Mr. Macaulay," by Sir A. Alison; "The Men of Science," &c., after which the company broke up.

WEDNESDAY.

The brilliant weather of Tuesday had in no degree diminished as the streets resumed their gay and animated appearance on Wednesday morning. The formal business of the Installation was suspended for this day, which was mainly devoted to recreation and entertainment; and the fineness of the weather no doubt tempted many, even of the more distinguished of the visitors, to make excursions into the neighbourhood, more especially to Blenheim and Nuneham.

SERMON ON BEHALF OF THE RADCLIFFE INFIRMARY.

The Anniversary Sermon on behalf of the Radcliffe Infirmary was preached this morning at St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Goulburn, Head Master of Rugby School. The aisles and every available space were crowded by persons of both sexes, including many

of the distinguished personages who have honoured the University with their presence during the week. The preacher selected as his text the 18th verse of the first chapter of the Book of Revelation—"I have the keys of hell and of death"—from which he delivered a most eloquent and impressive discourse. The collection at the close of the service amounted to £129 11s. 7d.

BANQUET AT CHRIST CHURCH.

The banquet given to the Chancellor by the Society of Christ Church in their splendid hall, was on a scale of magnificence worthy of such a body, and of such an occasion. The Chancellor being a member of the Society, it was a most appropriate as well as a magnificent compliment to the noble lord. As the entertainment was of a strictly private character, we are unable to give any report of the speeches. The noble Chancellor, we understand, was, as usual, most eloquent, and appeared to produce a deep impression.

The DEAN having proposed the health of their noble guest,

The CHANCELLOR in returning thanks for the honour that had been conferred upon him, expressed his gratification at re-visiting the scene of his youth, and dining once more in the magnificent hall, the beauty of which he had never before appreciated. He felt that the position which he occupied was owing less to his academical career, which was briefer than he now wished it had been, than to his public life. It was an honour he had no reason to expect, and one which exceeded his utmost ambition. After some other elo-

quent remarks, the noble lord alluded to the possibility of some young members of the House then present succeeding him in his high office; and expressed a hope that when that should happen, nothing would be found to have been done by himself unworthy of the character or inconsistent with the interests of this great University. Abler Chancellors, he said, he well knew, had preceded him, he need go back but one single year to prove this, but this he could say, that none had ever held that office in whom there was a deeper and more affectionate regard for the welfare of the venerable institution over which he was called to preside.

The health of the Burgesses for the University was responded to by Sir H. R. INGLIS and the Right Hon. the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; the latter of whom paid a high compliment, in terms of earnest eloquence, to the character and high attainments of the Chancellor, which was received with general acclamation; and which the noble Lord reciprocated in terms of equal warmth.

CONCERT AT THE THEATRE.

A rich musical treat was provided at the Sheldonian Theatre, though it did not appear to excite any very great interest. The vocalists engaged for the occasion were Madlle. Anna Zerr, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Lockey (late Miss M. Williams,) and Mrs. Endersohn, Gardoni, Herr Pischek, Staudigl, Lockey, Phillips, and Hobbs; and among other instrumentalists were Blagrove, Molique, Piatti, Bottesini, Nabich, and Marshall. The Professor of Music

in the University (Sir H. R. Bishop) was, as usual, the conductor.

THE MASONIC BALL.

Probably no event of the week caused more popular excitement than the ball by the Apollo University Lodge of Free Masons. The committee had made the most ample arrangements as respects the issue of tickets of admission, but they were found unequal to the demand. For several days preceding the ball there was not a ticket to be had, and a large premium was offered for them; indeed, so pressing was the requirement, that the committee were induced to issue, almost at the last moment, twenty additional tickets, for which three guineas were charged, the proceeds to be given to the Radcliffe Infirmary. The announcement of this extra issue was no sooner made, than they were disposed of.

The decorations of the room were most profuse. On the panels of the walls between the windows were the various college arms, intermingled with numerous designs peculiar to the Order. The lower part of the hall, near the entrance door, was fitted up as a promenade, and illuminated with variegated lamps and devices in gas jets. The company began to arrive shortly after nine o'clock, and from that time until half-past twelve, the line of carriages setting down parties at the door, was almost unbroken. Dancing commenced about 10 o'clock, and was kept up with almost unabated vigour, notwithstanding the crowded state of the room (there being about 600 present) to the close. Weippert's band performed on the occasion,

and therefore it is needless to remark in how finished a style the whole of the dances were executed.

An elegant supper was served up in the Council Chamber, of which a numerous party partook ; from the comparative smallness of the apartment, however, for such an occasion, great inconvenience was experienced, and many were unable to obtain any refreshment.

THURSDAY.

The centre of attraction this morning was the Theatre, where another Convocation was appointed to be held, for the purpose of conferring Honorary Degrees on the remainder of the celebrated personages who were selected for this distinction, and for the recitation of the Newdigate Poem, the remainder of the Congratulatory Odes, and the performance of the Installation Ode.

The interest attaching to the recitation of the Prize Poems was not by any means exhausted by the proceedings of Tuesday, if we may judge from the anxiety again manifested to obtain admission to the Theatre. The whole of the entrances were besieged for hours before the time appointed for the commencement of the proceedings. Crowds of elegantly dressed ladies who had not been fortunate enough to obtain tickets of admission were content to witness the arrival of those who had been more successful. The gate in Broad Street, where the Undergraduates entered, was the scene of considerable excitement, in consequence of the crowding and jostling of so large a body pressing for admittance. As soon as the gates were opened

an immense rush took place, but the regulations of the authorities prevented any disorder of much consequence occurring.

In a short time the area, galleries, and every available space in the vast interior of the Theatre were filled; and the scene that presented itself was again one of the most imposing and grand that the mind could conceive. On the lower galleries, appropriated to the ladies, sat the *elite* of the best society in the kingdom, resplendent in beauty, and gorgeous in attire. Nowhere, perhaps, but in this favoured isle, could such a galaxy of beauty and fashion have been seen. The upper galleries were as usual crowded with the Undergraduates, and the vast area was crammed with Graduates and visitors from all parts of Britain, and even from abroad. A considerable period elapsing before the entrance of the Chancellor and his suite, the time was filled up as of yore, by the Undergraduates, in the indulgence of their wonted "cries," the oddity and aptness of many of which caused the interval to pass with much pleasure. The loyalty of the Undergraduates was manifested by the enthusiastic and hearty *vivas* with which they greeted the name of the "Queen," but "Prince Albert" did not receive so cordial a reception. "The Bishop of Exeter," several times repeated, was received with a perfect storm of cheering, slightly mingled with hisses; while the "Bishop of Oxford" elicited, on its several repetitions, most hearty plaudits. "Lord Ellesmere," "Sir Harry Smith," and the "Dean of Christ Church," each drew forth loud peals of cheering; and on the other hand, "Lord John Russell," and "the Pope's Brass Band,"

were shouted forth only to be hailed with derisive laughter and hisses, occasionally mingled with slight cheering. As might be anticipated, "Mr. Disraeli," whenever his name was called out, and it was so rather frequently, obtained such a succession of hearty and enthusiastic applause, that the very roof seemed to tingle with the sound. "The Earl of Derby," was, if possible, more heartily received than Mr. Disraeli; and the many times that his lordship's name was called and cheered, gave evident token that his talents as a statesman were highly appreciated.

It would be a mere waste of words were we to recount the numerous occasions upon which the names of "The Countess of Derby," "Lady Emma Stanley," and "Lord Stanley," were received so enthusiastically; suffice it to say, that each time they were called out, the enthusiasm of the Undergraduates knew no bounds, while the ladies could not refrain from manifesting their tokens of approbation. "Mr. Gladstone," whom some waggish Undergraduate styled "Exchequer Bill," was cheered very heartily, although there were not wanting those who did not altogether relish his name. Agreeably alternating the cries, "The Ladies" came in for a very large portion of the gentlemen's favour, in the way of complimentary plaudits: for whenever the slightest allusion was made to them, either as "The Ladies in the pink bonnets," "The Ladies who are engaged," "The prettiest girl in the house," "The Ladies in the front rows," "The married Ladies," "The Ladies who attended the ball last night," "The Ladies who did not attend the Ball," or in any other manner,

the gallantry of the Undergraduates knew no bounds. "The Senior" as well as "the Junior Proctor," were evidently in good repute, if we may judge from the reception with which their names were received whenever they were called out. "Mr. Osborne Gordon," too, obtained a most flattering reception, and the same remark will apply to "Mr. Charles Marriott," "The Professor of Poetry," and "The Bampton Lecturer." "Archdeacon Wilberforce," "The Bishop of Winchester," "The Bishop of Lincoln," "The Warden of Winchester," "Sir John Pakington," "Lord St. Leonard's," "Dr. Goulburn," "Mr. Sidney Herbert," and "Mr. Walpole," were each complimented with enthusiastic cheering; while opposed to them, in point of dissatisfaction, were, "Mr. Stafford," "Kossuth," "Cobden," "Bright," "The Jew Bill," "The *Morning Chronicle*," "Dr. Lempriere," and "The *Guardian*." Upon the name of "Hugh Stowell" being mentioned it was received with a perfect storm of hisses, while that which immediately followed, "The Rev. John Keble," elicited most rapturous cheers. The Vice-Chancellor's name was duly honoured, as was also that of "The Late Vice-Chancellor." "Mrs. Gladstone," did not fail to obtain a hearty reception; a similar compliment being paid to "Dr. Bull," "Dr. Symons," and "Lord Shaftesbury."

From these cries we pass on to notice that the mention of the "*Herald*" was rapturously applauded, while the "*Record*," the "*Times*," and one or two other publications, were either groaned or jeered at. "The Tutors' Association," as it deserves, did not

pass without a few hearty hurras: although "The Hebdomadal Board" was anything but favourably noticed. Three groans were got up for the "Emperor of Russia," and also a similar number for "The Jesuits," but given with much greater force and effect. "The Union Society" was warmly greeted, and so was "The Late Ministry;" although "Protection" did not appear in such favour as "Free Trade." The Undergraduates seeming to have exhausted their fund of cries, a stentorian voice shouted "Our Long Vacation," and the cry was echoed in long and loud plaudits. This again brought forth other names, and "The Brasenose Boats," "Cricket," "The House of Lords," and "The Dublin Exhibition," were complimented with the greatest cordiality. The names of "Sir Henry Bishop," "Sir E. B. Lytton," "The Duke of Newcastle," "Earl of Eglinton," "The Cambridge Men," "The Oxford Men," and "Sir John Franklin," were not allowed to pass without some special notice of approbation. "Louis Napoleon" did not appear to be greatly in favour, while "The Manchester Men" evidently were at a great discount. Upon the entrance of the Countess of Derby, and Lady Emma Stanley, the excitement was intense, the ladies rising and waving their handkerchiefs, and the Undergraduates in the galleries, and gentlemen in the area, cheering in an almost deafening manner. This having subsided, the cries were renewed, and occupied the time until the organ struck up the "National Anthem," and the Chancellor and his suite arrived in procession from Worcester College. It

would be impossible to give an idea of the scene at this moment. Every person in the large building seemed carried away by their feelings of excitement, and the cheering was most earnest and loud. In addition to the newly-elected Doctors of Tuesday, many of whom were present, there were, in the seats allotted for them, on the right and left of the Chancellor, the Marquis of Salisbury, Earl De La Warr, Earl of Hardwicke, the Bishops of Oxford, Lincoln, St. Asaph, Moray and Ross, and Nova Scotia.

The cheering having subsided, the Chancellor opened the Convocation in a short Latin speech, in which he said it was intended to confer the Degree of Doctor of Civil Law, *honoris causâ*, upon the following gentlemen :—

The Honourable Joseph Randolph Ingersoll, Minister of the United States.

The Right Reverend George Jehosophat Mountain, Bishop of Quebec.

The Right Reverend Charles Petit Mc Ilvaine, Bishop of Ohio.

The Right Reverend Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrew's.

Sir John Buller Yarde Buller, Bart., M.P.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P.

Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart.

Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, F.R.S., Knight.

Sir Archibald Alison, Bart.

Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy.

Philip Pusey, Esq.

George Alexander Hamilton, Esq., M.P.

Colonel Mure, M.P.

Charles Newdigate Newdegate, Esq., M.P.

Samuel Warren, Esq., Q.C.

Richard Bright, Esq., M.D.

Forbes Winslow, Esq., M.D.

George Grote, Esq.

William Thomas Brande, Esq., F.R.S.

Professor James D. Forbes.

Joseph Henry Green, Esq.

Professor W. E. Aytoun.

The Chancellor having gone through the list once, did so a second time, and after each name on proposing the admission, said *Placetne vobis Domini Doctores, placetne vobis magistri*? The Convocation in each case replied, almost with one voice, *placet*. This ceremony being concluded, Dr. Phillimore, the Regius Professor of Civil Law, introduced the several candidates for the Degree, in an elegant Latin oration, in which he highly eulogised their particular abilities. The mention of the American Minister's name was received in a cordial manner; but perhaps the Rev. Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrew's, was received with the most decided marks of approbation. Sir E. B. Lytton too was heartily cheered, and Sir Archibald Alison was hailed with cordial greeting. Mr. Newdegate and Mr. Pusey were well received, as also Professor Aytoun, Mr. Warren, and Mr. Grote. The list having been gone through, and the gentlemen taken their seats, three cheers were given for Dr. Phillimore. This portion of the ceremony being concluded,

THE INSTALLATION ODE,

written by the Professor of Poetry, and set to music by Sir H. R. Bishop, was then performed.

As when a Mother home from some far clime

Welcomes her Son,

Who in the strife of men for masteries

By bold advent'rous deeds of high emprize
 Hath well fulfill'd the promise of his prime —
 Ev'n thus Oxonia welcomes back to day
 With plaudits loud and pomp and bright array,
 One who her fairest meed of praise hath won.
 —Skilful erewhile to weave the flowers of song,
 He wand'ring woo'd with soft Virgilian strains,
 Isis, thy pleasant fields and groves among,

The tuneful Nine ;

And, duteous, offer'd here at Learning's shrine
 The first-fruits of his sweet Poetic pains.

But these delights his ardent soul forbore :

Full well he knew

That whoso would achieve a nobler prize
 And wield a mighty Nation's destinies,
 From heights serene the world's vast field must view ;
 Dwell with the pure and just in every age,
 Drink in their burning words ; in Hist'ry's page
 The wide far-stretching wondrous Past explore ;
 Men, maxims, countries, laws therewith compare ;
 Trace in th' ungovern'd heart's deprav'd desires

The wasting fires

That desolated cities great and fair ;
 In peaceful happy states progressive see
 The glorious dawn of Truth and Liberty.

Nor yet alone within these ancient walls

Learnt he this lore ;

For ere he left his old ancestral halls,
 Hung round with portraits of the good and great,
 Who in the storied ages long before
 Imperill'd lands and life for England's state ;

Beheld from donjon keep and turret hoar
 Spears wave like corn, and streams run red with gore—
 Oft, as from honour'd lips their praise he heard,

A spirit stirr'd

Within his youthful breast; he felt the fire
 Kindle through all his veins, the strong desire
 To live as they had liv'd, for truth and good,
 To strive as they had striv'n, ev'n unto blood.

For who of Stanley's line could ere forget

That woful day,

Remember'd still in many a mournful lay,
 When Derby's Earl through Bolton's thronged street
 On a vile palfrey rode, that death to meet,
 Which he had courted oft on fields of strife,
 The Patriot's meed and crown. Ears tingle yet
 To hear his words, the last on earth he spoke

Ere fell the stroke

Which tore that noble heart from Love and Life.
 Thus sang the Martyr, as his failing eye
 Sought still, through Death's dark mist, God's Sanctuary.
 "Praised be His Holy Name for ever and ever. Amen.
 Let the whole Earth be filled with His Glory." ^a

And where was she, thy mate and true compeer,^b

When thou to God

Didst render up thy soul and kiss the rod?

^a Last words of the Great Earl of Derby, on the scaffold at Bolton-le-Moors, Oct. 15, 1651, after he had caused the block to be so turned that his face should look toward the Church, saying, "I will look toward Thy Sanctuary while I am here; and I hope to live in Thy Heavenly Sanctuary for ever hereafter."

^b Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby; who, at the time of her husband's death, was with her children in the Isle of Man.

In lonely sea-girt Isle afar she sate
 Waiting the dreary tidings of thy fate ;
 Hemm'd in with traitors, full of Grief and Fear—
 Not as when erst in Lathom's leaguer'd tower,
 Knowing that God could curb unrighteous power,
 Unmov'd she heard the storm of battle roar !
 The winds that whisper'd round the citadel—
 The waves that rippled on the rocky shore—
 The sea bird's shriek
 Had something in its tone, that seem'd to tell
 How Traitors on her Lord their wrath did wreak.

 Shades of the mighty Dead !
 If in those spheres sublime
 Where spirits rest from earthly toil and care,
 Some dim and distant sense
 Of mortal hopes and fears
 Thrills through the peaceful mansions of the blest—

 If, as on Earth we trace
 Through azure fields of light
 The swift-revolving courses of the stars—
 So souls that dwell apart
 In mirrors clear behold
 The ever varying phase of human destiny—

 What sweeter purer joy
 Can blessed spirits know,
 Than when the children of the wise and good
 Walking in Holy Truth,
 By pious upright deeds
 Recall the glorious Past, and emulate their Sires ?

Hail we then now in Oxford's honour'd Lord,

Great Derby's Heir,

The virtues that adorn'd his Patriot sire !

And now, O Pow'r unseen, our song inspire !

The Fear of God alone to be adored—

The Love of man, that spurns ignoble pelf,

Regarding others ever more than self—

Honour, as fair

As Virgin Purity ;—Courage, as bold

As that which mark'd the Eagle's Race* of old—

Eloquent words, to plead the righteous cause—

Zeal, to maintain his Country's sacred laws—

And that which, lacking, marreth all renown,

FIRM LOYALTY TO HER WHO WEARS THE CROWN.

Such be thy sons, Oxonia ! such is he

Whom we to day

At this our high and solemn festival,

With honour due to worth, as Lord install.

Go forth ! again thy strength in arms essay,

True Heir of England's old Nobility !

None worthier found in all the land than thou

To wear the Coronet that decks thy brow !

We give thee weapons, tried and prov'd, to wield—

Go forth, with this emblazon'd on thy shield,

“ God is our Light.”

Bear in thy hand, sharper than two-edg'd sword,

The open volume of His written word—

Go forth and prosper ! God defend the right !

* Alluding to the legend of the Eagle and Child in the Stanley Family.

Mr. George Ridding then read a portion of his Latin Essay, "*Quænam præcipue causæ sint, cur Græcis Romani in Artium Liberalium Studiis vix Pares, nedum superiores evaserint.*"

The NEWDIGATE PRIZE POEM, "The Ruins of Egyptian Thebes," by Mr. Samuel Harvey Reynolds, Scholar of Exeter College, was next recited.

THE RUINS OF ANCIENT THEBES.

I lay in slumber, lightly bound, yet free ;
 By fancy winged I strayed unfettered on
 Through fairy splendours, touched again with life,
 And orbiting into act and circumstance,
 From the dim past ; awhile methought I stood
 Among the halls of Carthage ; now among
 The statued shrines of Athens, with the gods
 Pallas, and young Apollo ; now at Rome
 I saw a senate giving world-wide law,
 Or Scipio hurling back upon the foe
 The storm of war at Zama ; till at length
 Slowly my vision gathered time and shape,
 And then upon a waste of Libyan plain
 I wandered on alone, and not a sight
 Or sound I heard of any living thing,
 Save when the ostrich, borne across the sand
 On storm-swift pinion, lessened to a speck
 Far in the faint horizon ; or alone
 The dusky eagle winged his trackless way
 High overhead ; but when the night was late
 The distant echo of the lion's roar
 Fell on the ear like thunder, heard afar,
 What time the storm breaks crashing on the hills,
 And thickest hail, and streams of angry fire
 Reveal the terrors of the gloomy night.
 And now the sun sank slowly to repose

In the still west, and 'neath his latest beam
 The flashing torrent of the dark-blue Nile
 Poured on its mass of waters, seaward borne ;
 Now o'er the headlong cataract with a roar
 Down plunging, lost in clouds of glittering spray,
 That lightly fell, like lilies scattered down
 From ivory fingers, or the silvery shower
 When the rude North's unkindly touch shakes off
 The glistening dew-drop from the rose's bloom ;
 Or parted here by barrier rocks, that frowned,
 Like giants set in the path to stop their way,
 With thousand slender streamlets girdled in
 A thousand mossy isles ; here broadening down
 In full deep flood through tall acacia bowers,
 And happy orchards set with golden fruits
 Fair as the treasure, dragon-watched, that shone
 In the fair gardens of th' Hesperides.
 But distant seen in solitary state
 Rose frowning towers, and battlements that fenced
 A mighty city ; and as near I came
 Precipitous walls, and clustered palaces,
 And temples old in story, bathed in light,
 Shone to the eye, like those rich jewelled domes
 That genii build in old Arabian tale,
 Rich with the treasures of the land and sea.
 The gates lay broken down ; I entered in
 Unheeded ; all was silence, save the cry
 Of some ill-omened bird, scared from his haunt
 By man's unwonted step ; and all the town
 Lay bound in slumber ; through the long blank street
 No face met mine, alone I wandered on.
 But all about me, towering to the sky,
 Rose lofty pinnacles, and ancient halls
 Of monarchs, all forgotten ; only these
 Remained to tell their glory, only these
 To mock the wonder of a later age.

And through tall windows rich with coloured stones
 The sunbeam poured upon the dazzled floors ;
 And flooded light o'er columns wreathed about
 With lotus, and high pointed obelisks traced
 With mystic letters, hard to tell, as leaves
 From sybil's scroll, or those dread lines of fire
 That wrought confusion in Belshazzar's hall,
 Writ by an unknown hand, foreshadowing woe.
 And every chamber, every palace hall,
 Was dight with scriptural legendary lore ;
 Or brightly glowing by the painter's art
 Told stories of an early world, the youth
 Of nations that had passed away, and left,
 Save these, no other memory of their state.
 And here the sunbeam lighted into life
 An ancient tale of war ; a bannered host
 Poured forth from every gate, and all the plain
 Gleamed with bright brass, and tossed a thousand fire,
 From helm and shield, and from ten thousand throats
 In wild fierce discord rose the yell of war :
 And there the prancings of the warrior steed,
 The din of shielded legions, and the clang
 Of measured martial tread, each sound that wakes
 The daring latent in the soldier's breast :
 The eagle too, that knew the gathering strife,
 The gaunt grim vulture hovered there, and troops
 Of hungry birds, that tear their sweetest meal
 What time the ranks are broken, and the fight
 Slopes onward, or the thick black cloud of smoke
 Wreathes up in volumes from the conquered town.
 Nor war alone, but every motley scene
 Of life was pictured there, in light and shade,
 Or glad, or mournful, like an April morn
 Half dulled with clouds, half laughing on the sun.
 And here a long procession filled the streets,
 A prince's wedding gay with royal robes

And torches, moving lightly to the sound
 Of festal music ; here the crowded board
 Was thronged with guests that feasted till the eve,
 And sported till the morning star looked down
 On twilight slowly broadening into day.
 And other sights were there : the Libyan gods
 Stood, each in marble, figured to the life
 By artist's fancy, such as life might be
 If life itself were frozen into stone.
 And there were Isis, Horus, and the rest,
 The dog Anubis, and the wolf-god, he
 Who slew Osiris, Typhon ; and the bull
 Apis, to whom a myriad voices rise
 And hail Osiris rendered back to life ;
 Nor these alone, but men whose deeds of fame
 Speak to us from the past, sage, warrior, king,
 Poet and statesman, names whose charm hath power
 To bind the ages with a closer chain
 Of brotherhood in great and glorious deeds.
 But I passed on, and left the glittering halls,
 And stood within the sepulchres of kings,
 More wondrous than their earthly palaces.
 For there they dwelt a little span of life
 Brief as a dream that fades away at morn,
 And passed and mingled with the silent dead :
 But, here, while countless ages came and went
 They lay in awful majesty, unchanged,
 Nor fearing change ; till the revolving years,
 Completed, circled out a newer life ;
 And former scenes, forgotten to the sense,
 Were acted o'er again ; for so they deemed,
 What was, had been, and was again to be
 In due succession, different, yet the same.
 And here within an inner chamber, dim,
 Hung all with solemn draperies, where the sun
 Had never pierced, and breezes never blew,

The fragrant morning sad as a sick man's room,
 Whose friends stand hushed expecting ere he die,
 A lonely woman sat ; a single lamp
 Burned on before her like a little star
 Scarce seen through drifted clouds when all the night
 Is black with tempest ; and its light was dim,
 Cold, cheerless, as in Iceland's winter falls
 One straggling sunbeam o'er a waste of snow.
 Her face was beautiful, but pale and sad
 With untold grief ; her long dark careless hair
 Had slipped its band, and strayed in tangled folds
 Down her cold bosom ; and her eye was dim,
 But heaved her breast as though a Hecla fire
 Were cratered there, and forced its way unbid
 In sudden storm of sighs ; most beautiful,
 Most sad, she sat ; but oh if Sorrow stole
 A charm awhile from Beauty, Beauty's self
 Might envy well the charm that Sorrow lent
 To every perfect feature : there awhile
 I stood in silence, loth too soon to wake
 Her reverie ; at the last she spoke, her voice
 Sank deep and mournful on my listening ear,
 As moans the sad sea-wind the long night through
 About the desert unfrequented shore.
 "And who art thou," she said, "whose careless step
 Hath thus disturbed us in our place of rest,
 Our long last home, where ages flow untold
 In sad succession, like a funeral train
 That knows no end ; and never breaks the morn,
 But morn and eve are lost in ceaseless night."
 Then I in wonder, "Not with curious eye
 Led on by idle fancy have I come,
 But wandering in amazement, from among
 The lordly mansions of an early time,
 When dwelt the gods on earth, and raised them up
 Eternal houses, splendid as the crest

Of white Olympus, when his topmost snows
 Reflect the thunderer's presence, and the state
 Of Heaven descends, to awe the eyes of men."
 "Poor relics these," she said, "but I have seen
 The hundred-gated Thebæ, when in youth
 She sat aloft in queenly state, as sits
 The cloud-capped rock above a waste of sea.
 A wondrous city ; and a wondrous land,
 Such as no eye can ere again behold :
 A land of morning, where the early sun,
 Hailed with full-throated voice of welcome, rose
 In cloudless splendour far beyond the hills
 That bound thy utmost gaze : and all around
 Th' empurpled mist pierced through the golden light
 Flew at his coming, and he reigned alone
 Through the wide sky, sole monarch of the day.
 A land of evening, where the full-orb'd moon
 And all the stars that gem the coronal
 Of dewy Night, shone e'er us, with a song
 Of voiceless music ; and the balmy air
 Slow breathing wafted on the full perfume
 From groves of citron by the banks of Nile :
 And through a thousand kingly palaces
 The calm light slumbered on the pictured walls :
 The while the shadows of our city towers
 Sloped, deepening down, across the yellow sands.
 But, for no language can avail to speak
 The early glories of the Theban town,
 The toil of works, the temples, palaces
 That rose to heaven ; and more than all the rest
 The earnest life that throbbed in every pulse,
 And prompted on to words and deeds of fame,
 That live in story in the mouths of men,
 I will recall a vision from the past,
 And shew thee wonders, more than tongue can tell."
 I turned me at her bidding, and beheld

A countless people, toiling on till eve,
 All with a single purpose piling up
 Huge granite rocks, and moulding into form
 With curious art the uncouth mass of stone ;
 And while they laboured, rose, as in a dream,
 Deep-bastioned walls, and turrets high to heaven,
 And spacious courts, and palaces, and shrines
 Of jewelled fretwork, deep inlaid with gold :
 And one was there who urged them on to toil,
 And sang the glories of the coming age,
 And Thebes, the queen of nations ; and I knew
 The guardian goddess of the town, and knew
 The strange sad lady whom I erst had found
 In lonely sorrow, weeping in the tombs.
 Once more I gazed : Tithonas' royal son
 Rode forth : to battle with the warrior Greeks
 That fought at Ilium ; twenty thousand knights
 And thousand chariots thronged the changing plain.
 'Twas early morning, and the glowing East
 Flushed with the purple sunrise, as the car
 Of bright Aurora shone upon the day,
 Led by the rosy Hours : about his head
 The bickering sunbeam floated, kindling up
 A thousand rainbow hues, red, emerald, gold,
 And violet. As in some deep-shaded bower
 The twining jasmine, tangled with the rose,
 Iris and honeysuckle, cheats the eye
 With warm soft hues, half manifold, half one.
 So beamed, innoxious, round his crested head,
 The wild bright glory of the lambent flame,
 Aurora's greeting to her warrior child.
 But now the scene was changed ; through every gate,
 In strange dark garb, poured in the victor band
 From Susa's palace, and the Median bank
 Of far Choaspes ; tall above the rest

The monarch of the East, Cambyses, rode
 In more than kingly state, his chariot yoked
 With snow-white horses, and the gods looked down
 With jealous eyes, unseen ; but now he came
 All conqueror, none withstood his onward way.
 But while I gazed, and heard, or seemed to hear,
 The burning temples crash in thunder down ;
 And tongues of fire and clouds of pillared smoke
 Rose everywhere, as burst upon the town
 The long pent fury of the Persian host ;
 The sun had flaunted in the eastern sky
 The first red banner of the early dawn,
 And, nearer now, had fringed the purple clouds
 With hues of morning : and my vision passed
 Affrighted from before me, and the day
 Came up victorious, scattering in his course
 The changeful shadows of reluctant night.

The following Odes were then recited :—

*"Ανδρες ξυνήθεις, ἀξίοις προσφθέγμασιν
 ὀλολυγμὸν εὐφημοῦντα τῷδ' ἐν ἡματι
 ἐπορθίαζεθ'· ὃν γὰρ ἐξεπέμψαμεν
 λαμπρὸν πολίτην, οὔτος, οὐκ ἄνευ πόνων
 δρέψας ἅωτον παντελοῦς εὐδοξίας,
 ἤδη πάρεστι, σκῆπτρα μετὰ χερσὶν ἔχων,
 πόλεως τ' ἐν ἀρχαίοισιν ἥμενος θρόνοισι.
 ὦ χαίρετ' ἤδη, πάνσοφοι μουσῶν ἑδραι,
 "Ισις τε, μήτηρ ναμάτων ἀγαρρόων·
 ἡκεὶ γὰρ ἡμῖν ὥσπερ ἐν σκότῳ φάος,
 σέβας μέγιστον, τῇδε τῇ πανηγύρει,
 ἀρχαιοπλούτων ἐκ δόμων ἐσθλὸς γεγώς,
 ἀστῶν ἀναξ Στανλείος· ἐν τύχῃ γέ τω
 πάρεστιν ἡμῖν, ὅστις οἶδε τὴν πόλιν*

ἐν δυσχίμοις ἄταισιν οἰαοστροφεῖν,
 λαβέθρορον στάσιν τε κληθμῶ λόγων
 θέλγειν δι' ὧτων μέλιχον στάζων ὅπα.
 ἄλλ' ὃ κράτιστον τῷδε τῷ κοινῷ κάρα,
 ἐπεὶ πέφυκας πιστὸς εἰς χρόος τόδε,
 ἐξ εὐμένους σε καρδίας ἱκνούμεθα,
 πατέρων παραδόχας ἃς θ' ὁμήλικας χρόνῳ
 κεκτήμεθ', εἰκὴ μήτινα φθείρειν ἔα·
 ὅτοίς δὲ καὶ δεῖ φαρμάκων παιωνίων,
 τούτων ἱατρὸς εὐφρονέστατος γενοῦ·
 καὶ σοῦ γ' ἕκατι τιμώτερος πόλει
 οὐπιβρέων γένοιτ' ἂν εὐτυχὴς χρόνος·
 αὐτὸς δὲ καὶ σὺ τῆςδε τῆς χάριος χάριν
 ἔπαινον ἀντίμισθον ἐνδίκως λάβοις.

F. W. WALKER, B.A.,
 e Collegio Corporis.

Immortal spirit of the lyre
 Who erst didst animate the Grecian lays,
 And kindle with thy hallowed fire
 The Pæan hymn of praise !
 Though rude the hand that o'er thy numbers strays,
 Let but one string awake to life again,
 One chord harmonious ring that long hath lain
 Silent and slumbering in its native shell,
 Till roused of brightest deeds and noblest hearts to tell.
 There is a voice of mourning all around,
 A nation's cry of woe—
 And hearts that quailed not at the trumpet's sound,
 The crash of battle, and the fiery foe,
 Are throbbing faint and low—

Hark to the pealing of the muffled bell
That throngs the silent air—it is the warrior's knell.

We mourn thee, Wellington, thy country's pride,
Who backward rolled stern Despotism's tide ;
Before whose sword the Gallic hosts recoiled,
The victor vanquished, and the spoiler spoiled ;
Thy hand has snatched from many a bloody fight
The righteous laurels of victorious might ;
And each fond tear that consecrates thy tomb
Will lend those laurels never-fading bloom ;
While brazen-throated Fame with winged breath
Will hail the Hero-chief unconquered save by death.

The mournful note is melting into space,
The last faint echo trembles on the lyre.
Come, Spirit, smite the chord of praise,
The joyful melody inspire !
Full well such theme befits a minstrel's rhyme,
The glories of an ancient race,
For, ever through the ceaseless flow of time,
Where'er the blazoned scroll of fame we trace,
By History heralded, by poet sung,
Foremost in court and camp a Stanley's name has rung.

And thou, of noble sires the noblest son,
Thy meanest boast, antiquity of name,
Thy proudest birthright, heritage of fame,
Untarnished by the breath of shame,
Well didst thou guard the gem thy fathers won.
They bore their triumphs from the tented field,
The shivered helmet and the battered shield :
Yet Victory wreaths for him her choicest crown

Who stills the war of fierce debate,
 Who moulds the councils of a state,
 Who holds the honour of a throne,
 Whose voice has power to chain the listening throng,
 As Orpheus wont of old to pour the flood of song.

The tribute of a nation's praise
 A grateful country dedicates to thee,
 Who in that night of doubt and fear,
 When tossed upon the troubled sea
 There was no hand the bark to steer,
 The beacon light did'st raise ;
 Hope was the star that beamed upon thy way,
 And chased the darkness with her silver ray,
 Thy watchword, justice—and thy country's right
 The magnet of thy course to point the distant light.

We bid thee welcome to the calm retreat,

Where pale-browed Science holds her peaceful sway,
 Whose classic groves have echoed with the feet
 Of many a statesman of a bygone day.
 Could they from out the Elysian glades
 Arise to walk these academic shades,
 Their willing tongues would swell the glad acclaim
 Which thousands raise to celebrate thy name
 And loudest here the joyful strain should rise,
 Here loudest anthems fill the vaulted skies,
 Where first the genius of this ancient pile
 Bid favouring fortune on thy path to smile.

Perchance in some more tranquil hour
 Thy soul has bowed to Memory's magic power ;
 And Fancy's foot has trod th' accustomed halls,
 And Fancy's gaze has lingered round the walls

Where, nourished with the varied store
 Of History's legend and poetic lore,
 Thy youthful ardour, kindling into flame,
 Plucked the first blossom from the tree of Fame.
 And here the muse would consecrate thy shrine,
 And Science here her wreath of bays entwine,
 To hail thee Guardian of the sacred fire
 Whose breath hath waked to life the spirit of the lyre.

EDWARD C. D. BELL,
 e Coll. Ball.

O vos Angliacæ quondam clarissima gentis
 Lumina, qui flavæ posuistis ad Isidis undam
 Musarum augustas sedes, dilectaque Phœbo
 Atria, et à viridi nobis Helicone Camænas
 Duxistis, tumuli jamdudum rumpite somnos
 Illustres animæ, cæcoque audite sepulchro !
 Vos Rhedycina voatat ; vos vestraque facta nepotes
 Per longos annos imitati, passibus æquis
 Majorum pariter famam moresque sequuntur.
 En ! lætis iterum auspiciis certo ordine rerum
 Volvitur alma dies,—studium laudesque suorum
 Commemorant nati, tantæque ab origine lætâ
 Æternùm memores repetunt primordia famæ.
 En ! sibi jam meritos præclarus alumnus honores
 Vindicat, imperiique volens insignia sumit ;
 Æternasque simul firmat fausto omine leges.
 Tempora cui primâ vixdum Sapiëntia tangit
 Canitie, quanquam sublimi in fronte refulget

Intemeratus honos, ac vis intacta juventæ :
 Salve clare lare Pater !—justas adscribere laudes
 Si liceat, meritoque decus celebrare tuorum
 Carmine, nunc saltem trepidanti ignosce Camænæ.
 Sit tibi quos Rhedycina parens commisit honores
 Consiliis servare piis, turpique veterno
 Eripere antiquas leges ut jura parentum
 Excipiant seris sæclis stabilita nepotes.
 Macte igitur virtute, animi famæque priores
 Quos retulere tibi non immemor, ipse faventi
 Accedas studio, famâque insignis avitâ
 Officii grandes curas gravioraque vitæ
 Munera jucundis discas conjungere Musis.
 Nec pigeat certo perducere fœdere cœpta
 Tam cari capitis, nuper quem flebilis hora
 Eripuit nobis, et funere mersit iniquo.—

O utinam tenui plectro tua facta liceret
 Tot belli laudes, tantos de pace triumphos
 Dicere, et ingentes luctus, Arture, tuorum,
 Inclyte dux nostrum ;—at tantis ingentibus ausis
 Deficiunt animi vastâque exterrita mole
 Musa silet, gravius nam poscunt talia plectrum.
 Exoriare aliquis, digno qui carmine dicat
 Eximiam Arturi laudem, sæclisque futuris
 Tum Martis laurus virides, tum pacis olivas
 Expediet dictis ;—manet æternumque manebit
 Fama immota viri seros memoranda per annos.
 Nulla dies memori nomen delebit ab ævo,
 Dum teneat latum servata Britannia regnum,
 Dum Rhedycina Parens claris se jactet alumnis.

ROBERT BOWNAS WORMALD,
 e Coll. Linc.

Καὶ σὺ μὲν ἐν σιγᾷ θανατῷ δεδημημένος εἶδεις
 ἡμετέρων ἄρχων ἕξοχα τιόμενε,
 ὃς ποτὲ λάοισιν σωτὴρ ἐξήλθες, ἀνασχὼν
 αἰσιμον Ἑυρωπῇ φέγγος ἐλευθερίας.
 οὐ σε μόνῃ γῇ πατρίς ἐνὶ μεγάροισι καλύπτει,
 γαῖα γὰρ ἐνδόξων πᾶσα πέφυκε τάφος¹
 Ἰσις δ' ἐν δονάκεσσι μινύρεται, ἣν καταλείψας
 πολλά περ ἀχνυμένην εἰς Ἀἶδην ἀπέβης·
 ἔσται δ' οἰχομένοιο σόον κλέος· ἔνθαδ' ἄρ' ἡμεῖς
 εἰ καὶ κοιμῆσαι Μοῦσος ἐκέλευσε λύραν
 δάκρυσι νικηθεῖσα, μόρον σύ γ' ἐπεὶ σὸν ἔπεςπες
 δεξόμεθ' ἄλλοιον δώμασι Πιερίδων
 ἄνερα, σὺ γὰρ ἔρις, πολέμοιό τε λάβρος ὄμιλος
 ἀργαλέος τε μαχῆς φυλόπιδός τε πόνος,
 κείνῃ δ' οὐ πολέμοιο δυσήχεος ἔργα μέμνηλε,
 οὐδ' ἀνά τοι κρατερῆς θῆκε τροπᾶα χερὸς·
 ἀλλὰ μάλ' εἰρήνης στέφανον καὶ γλαυκὸν ἐλαίης
 ὄζον, καὶ δάφνης φύλλον ἐπὶ κροτάφοις
 βάλλει, Μουσαῖσιν πολὺ φίλτερος· οὐ γὰρ ἄπειρος²
 ἐστὶ μελιγλώσσων ἁρμονίης ἑπέων·
 τῷ δ' ἐπιτέτραπται Βρετάνων ἐνὶ γῇ πολυπύρῳ
 λάοις ἀντέλλειν ἐν σκοτιῇσι φάος
 ἀγρονόμοις, Μουσῶν δὲ παρὰ ῥόον Ἰσιδος ἄρχειν
 πρηνεμένων, δώροισι Ἀονίοις προπόλῳ.
 καὶ νῦν, ὦ πολύτιμε, τόδ' εἰ σοὶ προσφιλὲς ἐστί,
 καὶ χάρις ἡμετέροις εἴ τις ἔνεστι λόγοις

¹ ἄνδρων γὰρ ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῇ τάφος.

THUCYD., Book II. 43.

² In allusion to the Latin Verse Prize gained by Lord Derby when an undergraduate in this University.

χαῖρε—καὶ ἐν μεγάροις σοφίης ὅταν αὐτὸς ἀνάσσης
 ἄνθρωπος εὖ μνήσται τοῦ πάρος οἰχομένου.

R. N. SANDERSON,
 ex Aul. Magd. : Scholaris Lusbeianus.

A few short years—at this high festival
 His Country's Saviour stood in Sheldon's hall :
 A few short years—the Warrior sinks to rest,
 Mourn'd by his England, by his England blest.
 Scarce from our towers the last sad knell is rung,
 Scarce in our aisles the solemn requiem sung,
 Scarce on the lips of him we greet to-day
 The Hero's eulogy hath died away ;—
 Died but in sound—its hero cannot die,
 Death is his herald to posterity.

As a great Chieftain, borne upon his shield
 From out the roar of his last battle-field,
 Speaks in that low clear voice that marketh still
 The falt'ring life, the never-falt'ring will,—
 Chides the weak sorrow of his wistful band,
 And, strong in spirit, gives his last command,—
 Points onward, in that pause of doubt and dread,
 And bids another lead where he had led—
 'Tis thus, methinks, His brave calm spirit here
 Forbids the sigh, forbids the starting tear ;
 Yes, lov'd Oxonia, bids thee cease to mourn,
 And look, not weeping now, not now forlorn,
 To him whom fondly, as a youthful knight,
 Whose mother's hands have mail'd him for the fight,
 Arm'd with thy panoply thou badest forth
 Well to essay, and well to prove its worth ;

And now, with many a trophy proudly won
 From Britain's Senate thou hast call'd thy son—
 Sent forth in hope, and welcom'd back with pride,
 Thy promise then, thy Champion now and guide.

Deep is the joy that generous welcome brings,
 Which from a thousand hearts unbidden springs ;
 But there's a deeper joy—a softer pow'r—
 That thrills the heart, in that delicious hour,
 When, from Life's turmoil, Manhood seeks once more
 His early home, and sees the scenes of yore,—
 When those dear memories of the vanish'd years,
 Making sweet music in the Pilgrim's ears,
 Back to youth's morning-land the Man beguile,
 Like Ariel's harping round the haunted isle.

Ye classic cloisters, ye time-honour'd piles,
 Ye heavenward-pointing spires, ye echoing aisles,
 Whose hallow'd spell his youthful fancy led,
 O'er Manhood's heart once more your spirit shed.
 Ye brooks, ye meads, that gird our old grey towers,
 Ye woodland haunts, ye unforgotten bowers,
 If e'er his song your guardian nymphs could please,
 Waft him your welcome in the summer breeze.
 O Isis, if thy meadow-fringed side,
 Not unenamour'd, he hath roam'd beside,
 Arise, lov'd Isis, bid thy waters now
 Murmur sweet welcome with their silver flow.
 Ye Muses, send him, from your classic grove,
 A greeting worthy of his early love ;
 And, if he thinks no scorn your wreath to wear,
 And if its laurel-leaves be not yet sere,
 Bind ye, in memory of the time that's fled,
 His youth's green garland on the Statesman's head.

Ye great departed ! Soldier, Statesman, Sage,
 Whose living semblance still, from age to age,
 Shrin'd as the genius of Oxonia's halls,
 Looks inspiration from our ancient walls,—
 Receive your peer ! swift years have roll'd away,
 And Derby rules, where Stanley learn'd t' obey—
 Where his young Muse with Learning's meed was
 crown'd,

When in this Hall, from these throng'd galleries round
 The youth of Oxford lean'd his voice to hear,
 And gave, not undeserv'd, the generous cheer ;
 And woman's smile, from many a radiant row,
 Glanc'd its approving lustre then as now ;
 Then let him hear these echoes once again
 Resound his welcome and prolong the strain ;
 And grant, ye fair, a lovelier meed of praise
 Than laurell'd honours, or than Poet's lays ;
 Shed ye on this bright scene a brighter ray,
 And crown the triumph with your smile to-day.

WILLIAM ALLAN RUSSELL, B.A.,
 ex Aul. Magd.

The CHANCELLOR then pronounced the words " Dissolvimus hanc Convocationem," and his Lordship retired. Various rounds of hearty cheering were then given for the Chancellor, the Countess of Derby, Lord Stanley, and Lady Emma Stanley, as they took their departure. Most of the noblemen and gentlemen who had had Degrees conferred upon them were rapturously cheered on leaving the Theatre. The National Anthem was played on the organ, and in which the company joined, thus closing the proceedings with

manifestations of attachment to the Queen and the Throne.

VISIT OF THE CHANCELLOR TO THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

After the close of the proceedings in the Theatre, the Chancellor, accompanied by the Delegates of the University Press, paid a visit to the Clarendon Office. The Chancellor, in the course of his visit, was presented with a copy of "*Aristotelis Poetica*," Tyrwhitt, on the largest paper—a book of which very few copies exist, and which is generally reserved for presentations to Royal personages.

COLLATION AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

A very elegant collation was given in the Hall of University College, and a distinguished party of about 120 guests were invited to meet the Chancellor and the Countess of Derby, the Master of the College having been Vice-Chancellor at the time of the Chancellor's Election and Installation in London, in October last.

BANQUET AT PEMBROKE COLLEGE.

This evening a magnificent banquet was given to the Chancellor at Pembroke, of which College he is Visitor.

The MASTER presided.

Grace having been said, the MASTER rose, and gave as the first toast, "Church and Queen," which was responded to with three times three and enthusiastic cheering.

The MASTER again rose, and proposed "The health

of the Chancellor, Visitor of Pembroke College." He said—Our illustrious guest is presented by me in a somewhat different character from that in which he has hitherto occupied attention in the University, but it was natural that in this hall the humbler of his offices should assume prominence, for it was the peculiar felicity of this society that it has been closely connected by the wisdom of its founders with the Chancellor of the University, and thus with some of the greatest names in the History of England. (Cheers.) Have not the members of the College cause for gratitude when they cast their eyes on the shields emblazoned on the oriel of their hall, and some right in the glories which those shields recall to your memory? (Hear.) The University has, in almost every case, chosen great men for its chief magistrates; if great men are those who have left the world other than it would have been if they had not lived, and who continue long to influence the thoughts and to fill the imagination of after generations. There were the Herberts, a race full of vigour, of which it was yet giving frequent proofs in our schools. Laud, who for good or evil, had impressed with the stamp of his genius the University and the Church so deeply that two centuries have not effaced the lines of the impress. Cromwell, whom the very aversion which he sometimes still inspires, shows to be great. (Hear, hear.) Clarendon, even now the greatest name as an historian of which Oxford can boast. The two Ormondes and Arran, who bear witness to the self-sacrificing devotion with which the University could adhere to principles, noble though perhaps mistaken. North, who had

again shown that the same personage might preside in the Sheldonian theatre at Oxford and in the councils of the Sovereign. Portland, Grenville, illustrious statesmen both ; and last and greatest of all, Wellington. (Cheers.) With Wellington it will be unwise to compare any living man, and none will more strongly deprecate such a comparison than the illustrious personage who now occupies his seat. (Hear, hear.) And yet, though the University had by a happy rashness gone out of her own ranks for a chief—though the political crisis in which he was chosen, and the desire to heal the breach made by the laws of 1829 in that great party which may be sometimes depressed by revolutions in popular opinion, or its own errors, but which is too deeply-rooted in the habits and institutions and interests of England not to rise frequently to power, may well account for the choice, to those, at least, who remember the thrilling moment when, in the theatre, the Duke grasped the hand of Eldon and Winchilsea—though the great man displayed his wondrous power of doing his duty in every station to which he was called, and so justified the choice—though he had conferred on this College, for here such a topic might be dwelt upon, more benefits than any of his predecessors, always in his decrees discovering his unerring sagacity in seizing on the real points at issue, and in detecting sophistry, yet it is a subject of congratulation that one of ourselves now rules over us—one who loves and values what the University loves and values—and whom even in this day, when boast is made of progress, none have excelled, since no one was found this year capable of

winning the wreath which the Chancellor won in his undergraduate course. (Hear, hear.) It is a subject of congratulation that a man who could have risen by those arts to which the most successful members of the University owe all that they have, should be placed at their head. When Lord Derby's ministry was formed, it was observed by a friend of mine that it united in a fair proportion the representatives of our democratic and our aristocratic constitutional elements. And the friend instanced the position of Lord Derby himself as due to the former, on the ground that even if his had been "ignoble blood, which had flowed through rascals from the flood," he must have occupied the first place, owing to his vigour of intellect, his courage, and especially his marvellous excellence in the first requisite for parliamentary government—the power of debate. (Cheers.) He is indeed no orator of a single speech, not one whose orations always smell of the lamp, but he seems endowed with a power, amounting to almost inspiration, of discovering, in the heat of debate and the mazes of sophistry, the vulnerable point, the effective argument, the convincing fact; and of clothing his extemporaneous thoughts with the clearest and most vigorous of words. He seizes his enemy by the middle, and dashes him to the ground. (Loud cheers.) May not Oxford be proud that such a genius is her own? (Renewed cheers.) One topic there is on which it may seem trivial to dwell, yet why not say all that is in the heart before a sympathising audience, when one feels that what one has to say is a great thing. When first I began to reflect on the character of public men, I was forcibly struck

by the fact, that Mr. Stanley, one of the most ardent of politicians, had devoted his great powers to the composition of a book for the young. This of itself is a great example, for why should the preparation of those manuals on which education depends after all, more than on teachers, be left to those who have little merit but industry? (Hear, hear.) But what rejoices one in recalling this to mind, is, that a great, rising statesman should devote his powers to the instruction of the young in our holy faith,—for the work in question is one explanatory of some of the most precious portions of the Word of God; thus shewing what, however, is shown by not a few of our great men, that personal piety and political greatness are not incompatible, a fact which the last century might well have led men to doubt. More important still to a Christian University, though yet in accordance with that beginning of his career of honour, is the interest manifested by its Chancellor in the most important of its studies, theology. In the hall of Worcester College his words have inspired with confidence those who feel that the time has come when the University cannot without danger fail to supply the ministers of the Church with full stores of sacred learning. (Cheers.) And as to those other changes, I, like every one else, felt to be imminent in the University and in the Colleges, and which I anticipated with joy—perhaps I may be permitted to say with pride—the Chancellor's words led me to believe that, while he would not rob Oxford of one of her ancient glories, he was prepared to adapt her for newer triumphs, and that he would be found, in guiding her councils, to be—what many had lately found

themselves, perhaps, to their surprise—"a Liberal Conservative and a Conservative Liberal." (Immense cheering and laughter.)

The toast was drunk with every mark of respect and enthusiasm.

In returning thanks,

The CHANCELLOR said—The Master of Pembroke has been kind enough to give me credit for not being a man of single speech, and fortunate it will be for me if I possess any portion of the merit the Master attaches to me in that respect, because to speak three or four times successively upon the same subject, before the same company, undoubtedly requires that the same individual should be enabled to make rather more than one speech. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) The Master has, however, furnished me with materials for addressing you upon somewhat different topics from those upon which I have had the opportunity previously of speaking ; but, at the same time, has imposed upon me almost insurmountable difficulties in knowing how to address you and how to deal with any portion of those topics in reference to which he has done me the honour of introducing my name to your notice. In the first place he has recited, with a pardonable, nay, an honourable pride, the great names which heretofore as Chancellors, and consequently as Visitors of Pembroke, have been associated with the College within which you are now assembled. He has pointed to that long list of worthies, and closed the list with a name with which I am rejoiced that he did not seek to compare me because I felt painfully, deeply, and as all of you must feel, that he who should seek to

compare himself in any respect with that illustrious and immortal man whom we have lost, was subjecting himself to a comparison which must bring upon him the retribution which would be most justly due to his folly and presumption. (Hear, hear.) The Master has given me credit for the possession of some powers of argument and some powers of speech, but has paid me one compliment which I confess I wholly deserve. He has paid me the compliment of supposing that I was able—that no man was so able—in the conflict of parties, in parliamentary warfare, and in the struggle of opposing intellects, to deal with any question with a reasonable portion of success in the absence of much previous thought upon the subject. But here I can not help thinking the Master has fallen into an error of expression, which I am sure he could not have fallen into in his own mind; namely, that of confounding the absence of previous thought with the absence of previous consideration of words; and if there were one single point upon which I may venture to hope to emulate the example, and to follow in the steps of that great man, my illustrious predecessor, it would be in this—not that I possess any power of language—not that I possess any power of argument, but that any power I may possess in that respect, in counsel and in argument, must be founded, not upon the absence of previous thought, but upon the fact that that which I say here or elsewhere, is the result of a firm conviction of the truth of what I may argue, and the principles upon which I act, and that naturally having weighed the views which I take and the principles which I entertain, I trust to the

power of nature working in an honest mind to give effective operation to feelings deeply entertained, and consequently honestly and with some effect expressed.

Let no man believe that in the conduct of public affairs there is much value in the mere fluency of language, which is usually termed eloquence. (Hear.) Of the men whom I have known in public life, those who possess the greatest influence over their fellow countrymen, and I will not except my illustrious predecessor himself, were men who barely possessed the power of placing their thoughts and feelings in ordinary plain English language, but who, as those whom they were addressing knew, spoke what they thought, argued as they felt, and did not attempt to put before them a cunningly-devised and artificial discourse, but opened to those whom they were seeking to convince the whole soul and mind of an honest and an earnest man. (Cheers.) That was the eloquence emphatically possessed by the late Duke of Wellington. When a stranger heard him for the first time addressing the House of Lords, he would, perhaps, marvel for some seconds whom that could be, who, with hesitating and stammering accents, hardly able to produce one word after another, yet ventured to speak in the presence of that august assembly. But he would soon find that there was something which deserved to be listened to. He would find that during the long pauses of that elocution, the house hung in breathless silence to hear the next word which might fall from those lips, perfectly assured that it would be the right word—the word that would convey the right meaning and substance of what was thought and felt. (Hear, hear.)

In many of the Duke of Wellington's higher capacities, I do not pretend to emulate him ; but this I will venture to say, with no feeling of self-complacency, that I will endeavour to imitate some of his high qualities—namely, his unswerving principle, his determination to do his duty—his courage when he knew that he was in the right—his fear of falling into any thing that might be vile or base. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Without further venturing to institute a comparison between my own humble self and my predecessor, I will now shortly allude to the particular position in which I stand in regard to the University. From the moment it was first suggested to me, after the death of that illustrious man, that I should permit myself to be placed in nomination for an office which my highest ambition would not have aspired to, and for which I had sedulously and anxiously abstained from courting a single opinion in my favour,—from that moment to this nothing has occurred in my intercourse and connection with the University but what is calculated to give me the highest satisfaction and the proudest gratification. I have been elected without any solicitation on my part, and by the unanimous wish of the University, that by permitting my name to be brought forward I might prevent the possibility of any dissensions among various denominations of gentlemen in the University ; and if I have succeeded in doing nothing more, I shall deeply rejoice if the adoption of my name has tendered to promote the peace, above all, the religious peace of this great society. (Great cheering.) From the moment at which I had the

honour of appearing before you in person, I have been met with a reception so flattering that I dare not attempt to characterise it. I could not have anticipated so entire and apparently complete an acquiescence on the part of all classes in the University in the selection which has been made. I could not have anticipated so kind and so flattering a reception as that which I have met with from the University at large.

In the first instance it was deeply gratifying to me—as it must have been to any man—to have met with the favourable reception which I experienced in the University itself, both at the theatre and at the time I first had the opportunity of addressing a more general assembly than this, and which was collected under the roof of my kind and hospitable friend, the Vice-Chancellor. (Hear, hear.) Yesterday I had the satisfaction which every man must experience who knew how closely college ties bind men together, not only in early life, but in the after periods of life, when the well remembered scenes of their youth throng thick and quick upon their fancies—I had the satisfaction of being received by the members of my own house in a manner which I shall never forget though I may live even to the age of that time-honoured individual whose hand I had the pleasure of grasping this day—my old and venerable friend the President of Magdalen. (Cheers.) Next to the satisfaction of renewing old ties and old friendships I must be allowed to place in hardly an inferior position that of forming new ties, which, I trust, may lead to new friendships and new associations; and in that light I hail with peculiar gratification the opportunity now

afforded me of meeting, not only those visitors who are honouring the University by their presence, but in meeting the members of this College, of which according to the statutes the Chancellor is by constant succession the established Visitor.

Now the word "Visitor" bears with it very different significations, and in one sense—the more ordinary and vulgar sense—I am quite sure there is not a man in this hall but must feel that the position of a Visitor to Pembroke was a most enviable one, and be ready to confess that he did not mind how often he might be a Visitor. (Cheers, and loud laughter.) But there are other duties which fall upon Visitors in the academical sense of the word, and in this sense I apprehend that the duties—the theoretical duties—of the Visitor are those of carefully examining from time to time and watching over the progress of the College, of suggesting amendment of that which he deems to be amiss, pointing out that which he thinks requires improvement, and, acting in co-operation with the authorities of the College, exercising the influence and the power which the statutes give him, in order to effect such amendments and improvements.

If I look back to the period when I was an Undergraduate, and compare the present position of Pembroke with what I recollect of it in my day, I should say that the Visitor would have no cause to find fault; on the contrary he would have every ground for congratulating himself upon the progress of the institution. (Hear, hear.) When I first visited Pembroke this day I confess that I hardly knew where I was. I asked myself where was the College, and I found a

new range of buildings—an entirely new structure of fair proportions, of considerable extent—and formed and erected in that spirit which, as Visitor, I would recommend to the attention of the University, and of all bodies with which I may happen to be connected—reforming, improving, extending, but building in great measure upon the old foundations (loud cheers), building in the old style (hear, hear)—and keeping up the character of the old institution. (Renewed cheers.)

The Master has touched upon one point with regard to which, though at the risk of wearying you, I will venture to make a comment or two. I have spoken of the present position of the University, and of the necessity of some change and some alteration in the existing practice, discipline, and studies of the University. Now, the powers of a Visitor, in such cases, I apprehend to be, to give to the existing statutes the greatest possible latitude consistent with the clearly expressed intentions and determinations of the Founder. (Cheers.) Where these intentions are clearly and definitely expressed—where there is no ambiguity of expression—and where there is no illegality or unconstitutional principle involved in the declaration and will of the Founder—there I hold that, with regard to the Visitors more especially, their power is absolutely restricted, and they can not consent, even for beneficial purposes, to a departure from the ancient, if not immoral or illegal, principle clearly and definitely laid down by the Founder—that it is not competent for the Visitor, upon a supposed, nay, even an ascertained improvement in the disposition of certain funds, or in

certain collegiate arrangements, to depart, for the purpose of attaining a certain good, from that which is clearly laid down and specified as the rules of the Society. When I say this, I say also that I am well aware that in this, and in other Colleges, there are restrictions imposed by the wills of Founders which are absolutely impracticable at the present moment—statutes which members are compelled to swear to uphold and cannot consent to see altered, and yet statutes which it is impossible to carry into effect at the present day, because they are contrary, not only to the practice, but to the principle, and in some respects even to the law of the present day. (Hear, hear.) With regard to these cases it may not be impossible for the Colleges themselves to interfere. They are not the cases in which the Visitor can lend his assistance; but they are cases in which it is earnestly to be desired that Parliament should interpose its supreme power, not for the purpose of altering the statutes and laws of the University and Colleges, but for the purpose of giving to those who are the trustees of the original endowments a permissive power to deviate from the strict letter of the original statute for the purpose of applying those means to purposes within the spirit, but clearly not within the letter, of the original foundation, but at the same time towards the benefit of the general purposes of education, and towards the general improvement of the University. (Loud cheers.) So far from deprecating, then, I think you should seek, desire, and court the intervention of Parliament for giving you those facilities, not for legislating for the University, but for freeing yourselves from shackles

under which it is impossible that you can move or walk freely, and for the purpose of relieving yourselves from obligations with which you can only nominally comply, and in point of fact which it is impossible to adhere to in spirit, and which you are compelled to escape by evasions of the letter. (Hear.) You may depend upon it that in these days all that will not bear the light must be swept away. But you may depend upon it also, that if when sweeping away that which will not bear the light in itself, you act upon the policy of foregoing some advantages for the purpose of adhering to established principles—if when you introduce reformation where reformation is needful, you do not at the same time, for the sake of reformation, break in upon more solemn obligations which are binding upon yourselves, even those who may be desirous of going further will respect your conscientious scruples, and, in time to come, property, endowments, means of usefulness, will be confided more and more freely to these great Universities, enabling them more and more widely to extend their sphere of influence just in proportion as it is proved that while they desire to improve their system, they are at the same time desirous of adhering with strict fidelity to those engagements and terms upon which they have accepted the benefits of the original founders, and determined to adhere to the intentions of those founders so far as it is practicable to do so in conformity with the principles and customs of the age in which we live. (Cheers.)

I will say, even in the presence of the Master of Pembroke, that at the time I regretted the issue of the

Commission to inquire into the Universities. I believe, however, that the issue of that Commission has produced much good. I believe it has led to a spirit of inquiry in the Universities themselves. I believe it has led to the dispelling of much prejudice upon some subjects. And I am also of opinion that if the University proceeds steadily and firmly in the course of improvement, adapting itself to the exigencies of the present day, but never departing from the original principle, the old foundations, the attachment to the Church of England, the desire to provide a religious as well as a scientific education for the people of this country,—although there may be some of more latitudinarian views advocating a merely secular education who may complain that the Universities lag behind the spirit of the age, yet you may depend upon it that the principle of the great mass of the country will not go with them if they remain in apathy, determined to make no alterations for fear that they may be stigmatised with the name of innovators; at the same time, that principle would go along with and support the University, if, admitting all reasonable reforms, it would not for the mere purpose of innovation sacrifice the basis upon which it was originally founded, and from which, if it should ever depart, it would cease to exercise that influence over the feelings and affections of the country which is now enjoyed by this great University, whose existence is almost coeval with, if it be not antecedent to, the constitution itself, and whose existence, whose prosperity, and the diffusion of whose blessings over the country will,

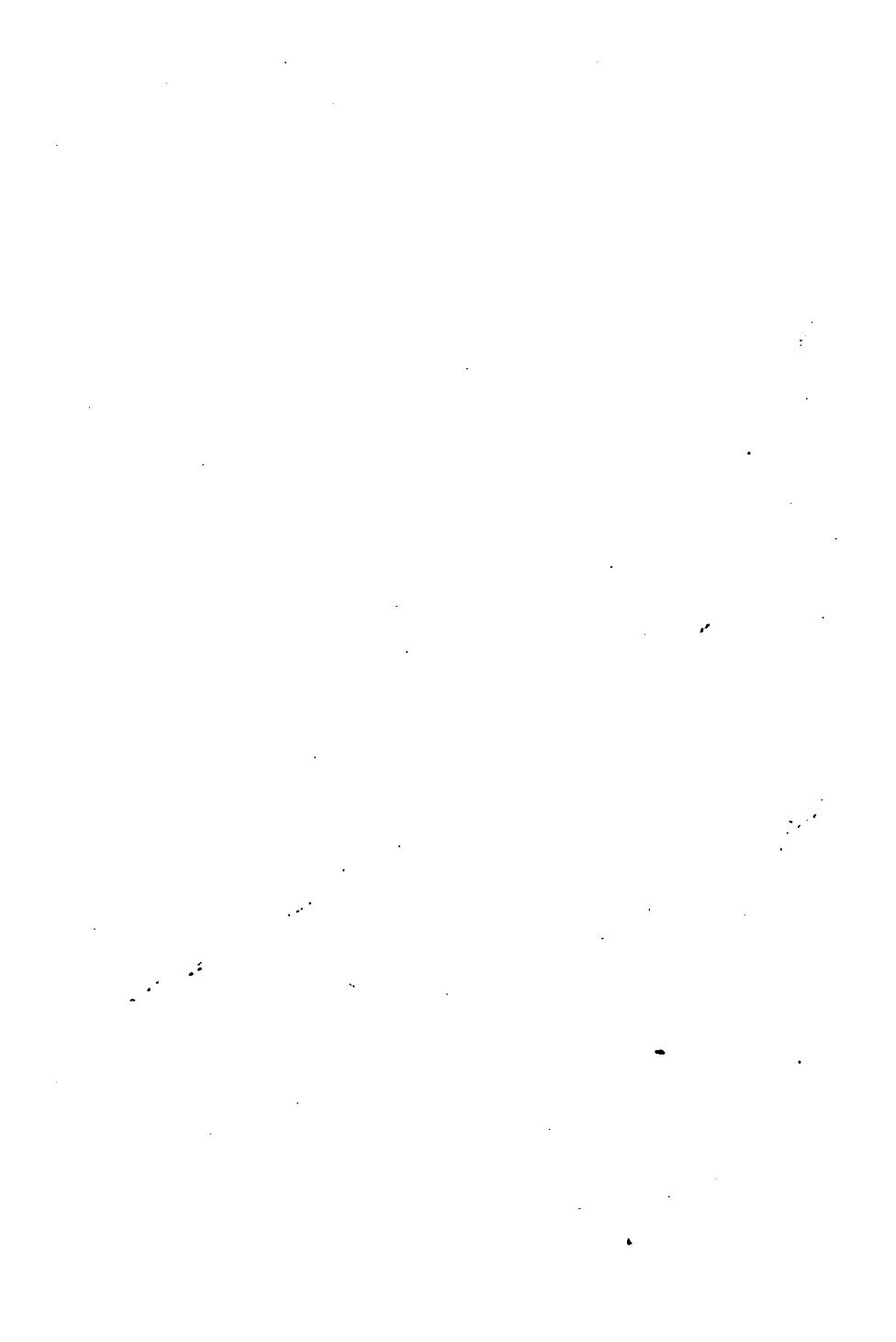
I trust, only cease when the country itself shall cease to exist. (Enthusiastic and protracted cheering succeeded the delivery of this address.)

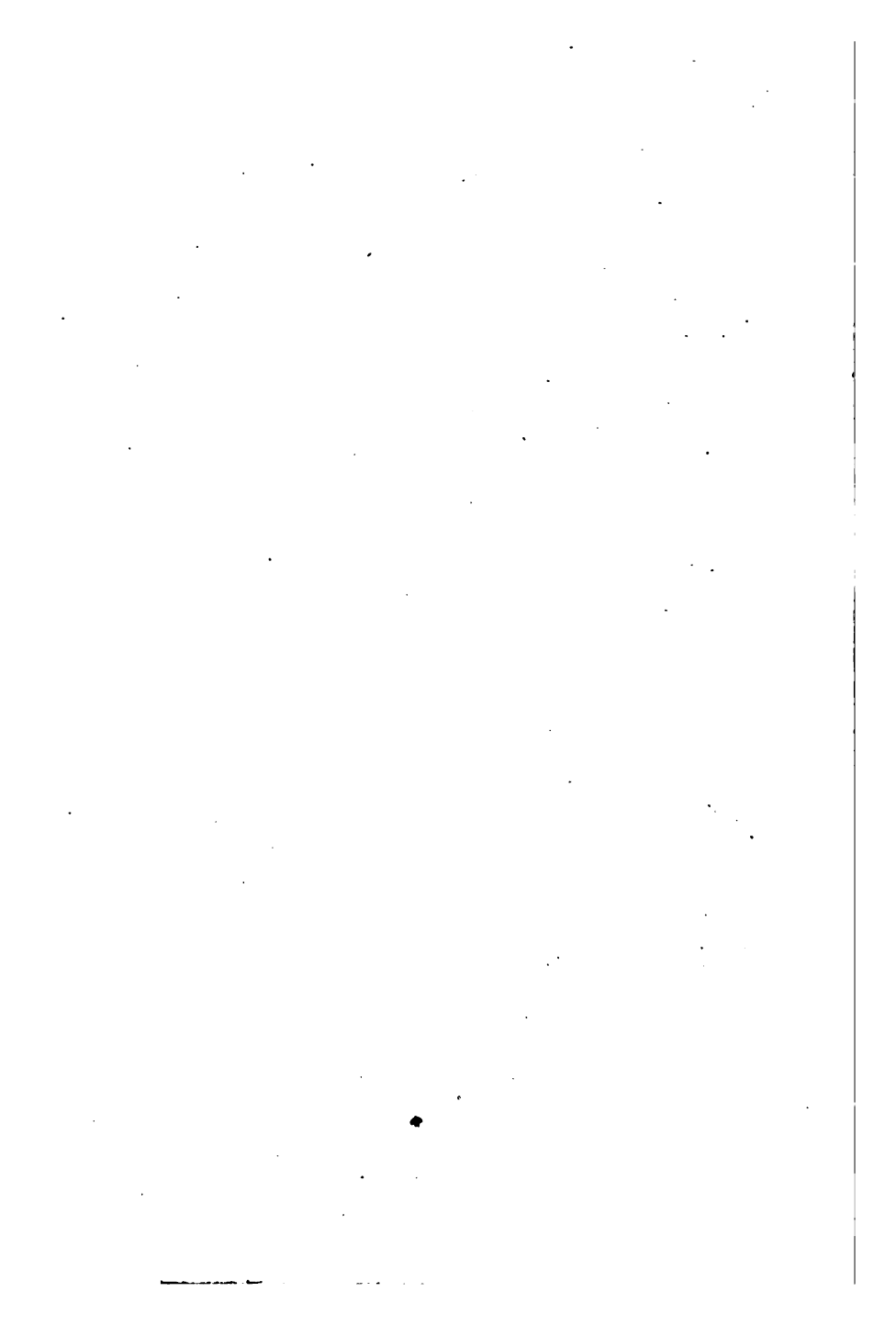
The MASTER then gave, "The Members of the University who had conferred distinction upon Pembroke College, and the health of the Bishop of Lincoln," which was responded to by the Bishop; "The House of Lords," acknowledged by the Marquis of Salisbury; "The House of Commons," for which Lord Stanley returned thanks; "The Historians of England," responded to by Mr. Grote; and "The Men of Science of England," acknowledged by Sir Roderick Murchison.

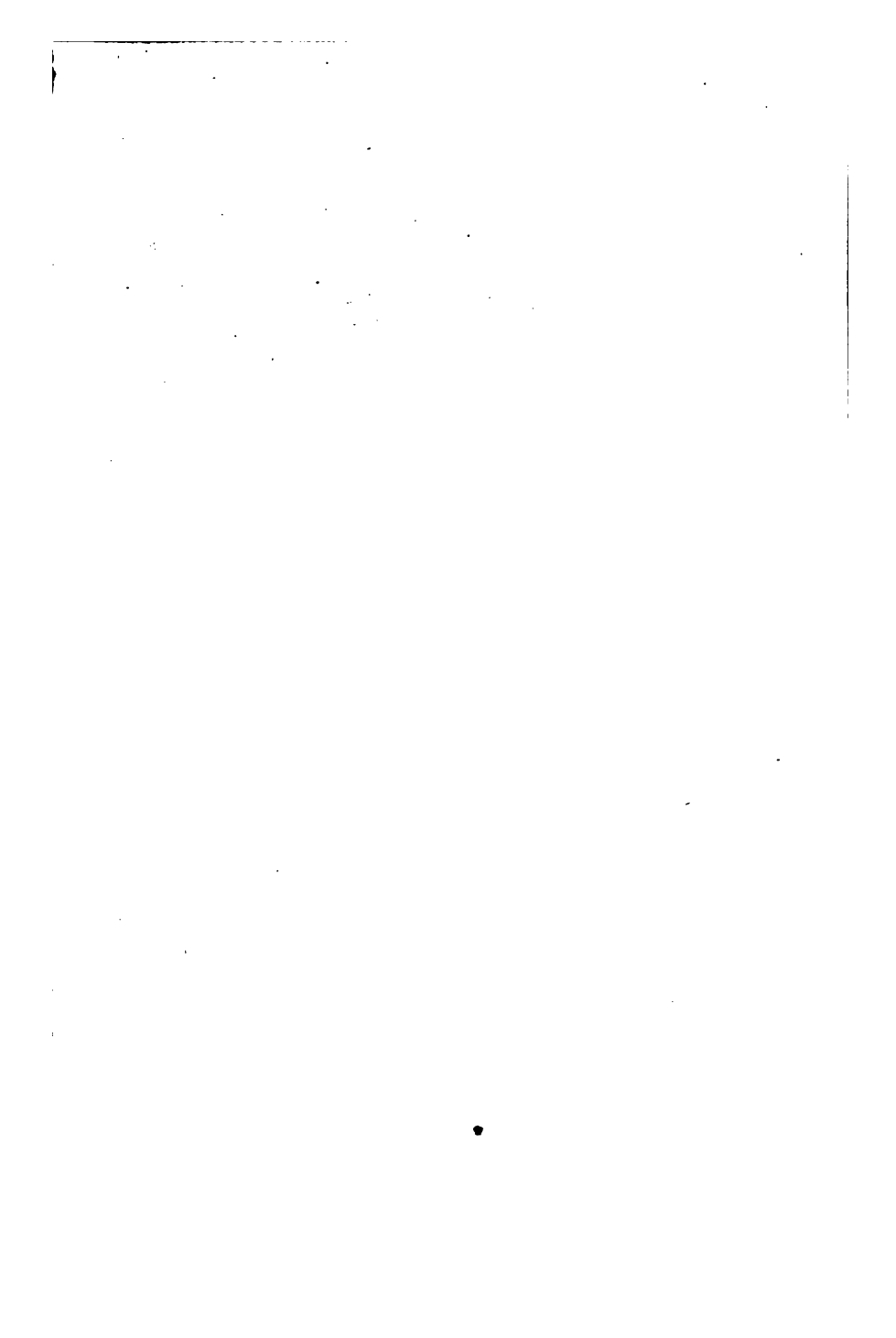
The VICE-CHANCELLOR proposed "Prosperity to Pembroke College, and the Health of the Master," and a similar honour having been conferred upon the Vice-Chancellor, the assembly broke up.

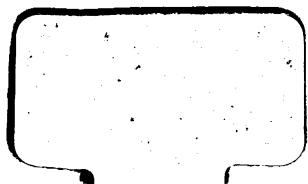
THE SECOND INSTALLATION BALL

took place at the Town Hall, the arrangements for which were upon a similar liberal scale to those of Tuesday night. Upwards of 300 of the most distinguished visitors were present.









the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1995. The public sector has also become an important employer of women, with 5.5 million women employed in the public sector in 1995, compared with 4.5 million in 1980.

There are a number of reasons why the public sector has become an important employer of women. One reason is that the public sector has a high proportion of women in its workforce. In 1995, 85% of the public sector workforce were women, compared with 75% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are traditionally held by women, such as teaching, nursing, and social work.

Another reason why the public sector has become an important employer of women is that it has a high proportion of jobs that are full-time. In 1995, 65% of the public sector workforce were employed full-time, compared with 55% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are essential to the functioning of the state, such as those in the health and education sectors.

A third reason why the public sector has become an important employer of women is that it has a high proportion of jobs that are well-paid. In 1995, the average salary of a public sector employee was £18,000, compared with £15,000 in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are in the higher grades of the public sector pay scale, such as those in the senior management and professional grades.

There are a number of other reasons why the public sector has become an important employer of women. One reason is that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are secure. In 1995, 85% of the public sector workforce were employed on permanent contracts, compared with 75% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are essential to the functioning of the state, such as those in the health and education sectors.

Another reason why the public sector has become an important employer of women is that it has a high proportion of jobs that are flexible. In 1995, 15% of the public sector workforce were employed on flexible contracts, compared with 5% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are in the lower grades of the public sector pay scale, such as those in the clerical and support grades.

A third reason why the public sector has become an important employer of women is that it has a high proportion of jobs that are well-located. In 1995, 65% of the public sector workforce were employed in the London region, compared with 55% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are in the central government and local government sectors, which are both located in the London region.

There are a number of other reasons why the public sector has become an important employer of women. One reason is that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are well-structured. In 1995, 85% of the public sector workforce were employed in jobs that were well-structured, compared with 75% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are in the higher grades of the public sector pay scale, such as those in the senior management and professional grades.

Another reason why the public sector has become an important employer of women is that it has a high proportion of jobs that are well-organized. In 1995, 65% of the public sector workforce were employed in jobs that were well-organized, compared with 55% in 1980. This is due to a number of factors, including the fact that the public sector has a high proportion of jobs that are in the lower grades of the public sector pay scale, such as those in the clerical and support grades.